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The Seed

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Chicago Seed



Vol. 3 No. 3

WPS-LNS-READ

50 CENTS

CHICAGO SEED

The trashy, but not obscene, Chicago Seed is collected at 837 N. LaSalle St., Chicago 60610, for the benefit of Seed Publishing, Inc. This garbage will be sent to your home, 26 consecutive rags for six dollars.

Ad dirt and copy filth must be here by the first and third Fridays of the month. Enclose a sanitized stamped self-addressed envelope if you want your drek back.

We get other shmutz from UPS, LNS, and FRED.

Say hello at.....337-2623
Mean business at.....943-5290

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and Sue Calendar.

Blasphemy of the fortnight: "Meher Baba is dead."

The front cover is a photograph by Davis Church of a statue by Karl-Heinz Meschbach. This issue's back cover is also the cover illustration of A History of America by Bill Hutton, published by The Coach House Press, 671 Spadina Ave., Toronto 4, Canada. We are also pleased to publish one essay from the book, "The Father of Our Country", and one plate, both of which you will find on page seven.

Hutton's first book, The Strange Odyssey of Howard Pow & other stories was published in Detroit by John Sinclair's Artists' Workshop in 1936. At that time Hutton was running a dance hall in Buffalo called Billy Zeigfield's Heaven. After much Harrassment and the general unpopularity of his images with the established order, he was busted on narcotics charges. He finally chose the funny farm over jail and escaped regularly.

We think this book is an accurate reflection of the images we are entangled in today. It's hard to read a lot of it at once. Laughing when you should be crying.

You can order the book directly from The Coach House Press. Paperback, 107 pages, plates...\$1.98.

HELPFUL #s--CLIP & SAVE

Seed	837 N LaSalle	337-2623
Kaleidoscope	1876 N Sheffield	472-7090
Second City	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
Student Mob	9 S Clinton	236-1895
SDS	1608 W Madison	666-3874
Chicago Film Coop	162 N Clinton	641-0932
(Newsreel)		
Print Co-op	6710 N Clark	973-0219
Rev. Auto Co-op	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
Sedgwick Mental	1900 N Sedgwick	642-3531
Health Center		
VD Clinic	27 E 26th	842-0222
Grace Church	555 W Belmont	LI9-1002
(runaways)	(Random Place)	
LSD Rescue	1918 N Mohawk	664-1422
	6820 S Crandon	363-6646
Kinetic Playgd	4812 N Clark	SU4-1700
Aragon	1103 W Lawrence	LQ1-8323
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Am Friends Serv.	407 S Dearborn	HA7-2533
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Po-lice Emerg.	--	PO5-1212
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Cook Cty Jail	26th & California	LA3-0101
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konspiracy kapers

We were sitting around trying to write an article on Excedrin Headache #69, Richard Nixon and the Blahs. We were trying to figure out why we all felt like we were being smothered in 100 gallons of glue, and whether it was worth moving to new quarters. We were reading articles on the state of the underground and laughing about how empty they sounded.

The negative zone has been pierced. The Conspiracy has been defined. Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, David Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Bobby Seale, Tom Hayden, Lee Weiner, and John Froins. "Crossing state lines to commit mob action." "Teaching the construction of incendiary devices and knowledge of their construction and plans to use them to cause disorder." "Commission of acts that obstruct policemen and firemen." Ten years and \$20,000. There it is. Yippies, SDS, pacifists, teachers, black liberation fighters. The Movement.

They try to suck at our energy, to make us fight false enemies. They pick eight cops as scapegoats, indict a reporter, and attempt to foist the package off as "fair." Where are the arrests of Richard Daley, Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, S.I. Hayakawa, J. Edgar Hoover, Harry Anslinger, Lewis Hershey? Rip Van Nixon pretended to sleep for 60 days, but he was busy laying the pattern for a 'new' Amerika. Suggestions of preventive dentention without bail, the appointment of interchangeable parts for the cabinet machine, the ABM hustle, a trip overseas to rope in the allies and make them less uptight about American investments in Europe being worth as much as European investments in Europe.

Richard Nixon returned home and threw the gauntlet. Does the Movement accept?

Machine Gun Rubin:

"I accept! I accept! I accept!"
"This is the greatest honor of my life...I realize that the competition was fierce...I hope that I am worthy of this great indictment, the Academy Award of Protest."
"Where does one draw the line between 'free speech' and 'inciting to riot?'"
"If your speech is ineffective, it is protected by the Constitution."
"If your speech is effective, you are 'inciting to riot.'" Effective speech is against the law."
"Thank you, Richard Daley. Thank you, Richard Nixon. Thank you, ghost of Joe McCarthy."

Dutch Davis:

"We will call our legal defense committee The Conspiracy. Our work against the Vietnam War, racism, control by the few, corporate and military power is being labeled a crime of conspiracy. This kind of crime we intend to continue. We are asking Americans to join The Conspiracy."

Terrible Tommy Hayden: "I am deeply honored."

Robespierre Weiner: "I think it's a true example of the real opportunity that is available in America; that even quiet, well-intentioned work can be well-rewarded."

Dapper Davey Dellinger and Crusher Froins could not be reached for comment, Bobby "The Enforcer" Seale is in Europe, and Baby Face Hoffman was re-arrested on March 23rd for alleged possession of smack and three pistols (shades of the Rubin grass bust). But they will be heard from, as will the twelve "co-conspirators" and the thousands who will hop around the kangaroo court and expose the judicial system for the sham that it is.

The Conspiracy refuses to be defined. The Conspiracy is everywhere, is everyone who cares about bringing the American consciousness into the twentieth century.

If you listen to the music, you are a Conspirator.

If you smoke the dope, you are a Conspirator.

If you speak of social change, you are a Conspirator.

If you move your hips when you make love, you are a Conspirator.

If you are free, you are a Conspirator.

Differences in style no longer matter. You can go down to the halls of "justice" or you can wait for "justice" to come to you.

The Seed Conspirators

FEATURED PLAYERS

ABBIE HOFFMAN, 28, Yippie! energy center. Abbie holds an MA from the U of California (Berkeley--where else?). Worked in Mississippi, organized Liberty House for the sale of black handicrafts in New York. Author of Revolution For The Hell of It.
JERRY RUBIN, 30. Active in the Berkeley Free speech Movement, ran unsuccessfully for Mayor, co-founder of Yippie!
DAVID DELLINGER, 53. Editor of Liberation Magazine, convicted draft resister in WW II, upholder of the A. J. Muste pacifist tradition.
TOM HAYDEN, 29. Co-founder of SDS, author of the Port Huron Statement (SDS founding document) and Rebellion in Newark.
RENNIE DAVIS, 28. SDS activist in Ann Arbor, worked with poor whites in JOIN, National Mobilization coordinator for Democratic Convention.
BOBBY SEALE, 32. Chairman, Black Panther Party. Last national Panther figure "at large."
JOHN FROINS, 29. Asst. professor of chemistry at the University of Oregon. Formerly with SDS.
LEE WEINER, 29. Graduate sociology student at Northwestern. Former community organizer in Chicago.

CAST OF THOUSANDS

TOM NEWMAN, unk. Force in Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker. Adopted son of Herbert Marcuse.
KATHY BOUDIN, unk. Yippie lawyer with the National Lawyers' Guild.
CONNIE BROWN, unk. "Friend" of Tom Hayden's. Arrested in Hilton "stinkbomb plot."
BENJAMIN RADFORD, unk. Loyola student. Marshal during Convention.
WOLFE LOWENTHAL, 30. Yippie! organizer for Chicago and Washington actions.
BRAD FOX, 22. Yippie! organizer, aide of Abbie Hoffman.
STEW ALPERT, 30. Berkeley activist, tight with Jerry Rubin, reporter for Berkeley Barb, arrested during recent Berkeley strife.
SIDNEY PECK, 42. Old Left activist. Teacher at Western Reserve U. Led march to Amphitheater which was halted at Michigan & Balbo.
CRAIG SHIKIRAM, unk. LA street person active in Lincoln Park tactics school.
DAVE BAKER, unk. People Against Racism in Detroit. Taught Washoi march defense.
CORINA FALES, unk. "Stink-bomber."
BO TAYLOR, unk. NY street activist.

INTO A CONSPIRACY THING?

I WILL:

- ☐ GIVE MONEY-ENCLOSED FIND \$
- ☐ DO OFFICE WORK-ANSWER TELEPHONES, ETC.
- ☐ PARTICIPATE IN DEMONSTRATIONS, GUERRILLA THEATRE ETC
- ☐ ORGANIZE FOR THE CONSPIRACY IN MY SCHOOL, HOME, OR OFFICE

NAME

ADDRESS

PHONE

SCHOOL (if any)

FILL OUT, CLIP, AND MAIL TO CONSPIRACY 90SEED, 837 N. LASALLE, CHI. ILL.

THE MOVEMENT

WORKER-STUDENT ALLIANCE?

Mao Tse Tung has defined revolution as "the violent overthrow of one class by another class." Many American revolutionaries have come to the realization that there is something which has to be done beyond demonstrations, protests, and campus sit-ins. Real power can be achieved by successful mobilization of large sections of the American population. According to Marx, there is no revolution unless the working class achieves power. It is no revolution is one group of the middle class takes power from another (e.g., older) middle class group.

With this analysis in mind, revolutionary students have begun to organize their protests around the eventual politicization and radicalization of American workers. The Paris students were able to bring France and DeGaulle to their knees because they had the overwhelming support of the French masses--the students called a strike and suddenly there were no more Renaults. That is power. When the students in Prague protested at the St. Wencelaus statue, they were supported by almost every Czech trade union. That is power. Italian students are in the vanguard and can tie up the country by calling hundreds of thousands of workers into the street--even against the Pope.

Students in this country have sought support from unions and workers wherever they have called an action. Demands for more working-class enrollees frequently appears on the list of demands of students taking over buildings. Last summer the workshops at the Columbia Liberation School centered on building 'People's Universities.' James Ridgeway and others have shown that universities are not ivory towers but rather extensions and supporters of the existing ruling class, and more and more students are trying to change this.

But if we accept that this is still an industrial society (rather than the post-industrial system that Domhoff writes about in this issue), then we also have to come to grips with the possibility that a true worker-student alliance in this country may be out of the question. One problem (not insurmountable) is the traditional working class distrust of 'bourgeois intellectuals.' Third World Liberation Front and other Bay Area Students won worker support in the Richmond, California oil strike by battling scabs at gates barred to union men by court injunction. They answered the inevitable question of "Why would workers want to have anything to do with students" by showing their power. But there is still some doubt as to whether the students can mobilize more than isolated unions. In France and Italy, the Communist Party continuously attracts between 20 and 25% of the vote. Workers are highly conscious of their role in society and (even though the students focus on the consumer sector while the workers' riff is class interest) a mutual culture/age/goal bond exists between labor and students. In this country it is a bit different. Do American workers perceive their class interests? Can industrial and post-industrial vibrations be reconciled? Do Herb Alpert and Jimi Hendrix mix?

The major characteristic of this era has been imperialism. Fifty years ago Lenin wrote that capitalism was dying, or, more properly, growing. Capitalism, "free enterprise," was evolving into a system dominated by monopoly capital. This system has four major characteristics: concentration of production, seizure of raw materials, the emergence of banks as a ruling financial oligarchy, and colonialism. This imperialism is a more efficient (higher) form than capitalism, and provides a certain degree of prosperity for the imperialist country. Yet it eventually leads to its own destruction as the more involved relationships accentuate certain contradictions that Marx saw as irreducible.

To escape from this stodgy rhetoric, let me say that IMPERIALISM TODAY IS THE SYSTEMATIC EXPLOITATION AND OPPRESSION OF THE PEOPLES OF LATIN AMERICAN, ASIA, AND AFRICA BY THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Let's stop shitting around; the material prosperity (whether historical accident or inevitable product of the nation's growth) of the American worker (Khrushchev: "I have seen the slaves of capitalism and they live well.") is dependent on the survival of American imperialism. Marx wrote that class

interest is based on materialism--can we expect a working class fat from eating too much and perfectly indoctrinated into American cultural values to make a revolution that would jeopardize their own material prosperity. Dig it, the American worker is part of the system. George Meany runs the Democratic Party and Walter Reuther is scared shitless that black workers in Detroit may make the Dodge Rebellion a reality. Unless some sort of cataclysm goes down, we can expect the American worker to continue as the mainstream of American life and come down on anyone or anything that challenges his security. 'What the fuck do these college kids know about life, anyway?'

The real poor, the materially deprived, are easily isolated, both geographically and culturally. The most exploited and isolated sector of the population is the black 10%, which has little power, a different culture, and live in the large cities of the north. As such, they represent an exploited oppressed colony inside a mother (take it any way you wish) country. The 10% is a third world living inside the national borders of the United States. Add in Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Orientals, etc., and it spells racism. And what color is the Third World?

Algeria, Cuba, Viet Nam; the call to fight the exploiters spreads throughout the world. Will the student-worker alliance move with them? Can anyone figure a way to change a country in which the workers won't, the blacks can't, and the mother country radicals are powerless to make a revolution.

What can we do inside the home of the Monster? Most people on the Left aren't into guns for a variety of reasons (one of which is that 'they' got so many). What can we do? Paul Krassner once said that he was a revolutionary, but couldn't picture himself hiding out in the Catskills with a rifle. The dilemma remains. How do we as revolutionaries help the exploited of the world fight American imperialism? What positive vision can we construct? What can we do besides disrupt and obstruct?

I look to what the movement has done. First, it has become a movement. It has brought together blacks and other minority groups with the children of the middle class. Together, in varying degrees, they oppose racism, the war, and imperialism. They descend from the American system and its values. They have interfered with centuries of complacency in the south, they have thrown the educational system into turmoil, they have made a generation of Americans seriously consider draft resistance rather than mindless induction. True, the south is still racist, the universities remain pillars of the system, and most kids wind up in the service, but 'niggers' have forgotten their "place" forever, state legislatures are increasing disaffection by turning their schools into cow colleges, and morale in the army is such that generals have to permit their troops to smoke pot. The straight culture is bankrupt; we have stolen their soul. They've got Glenn Campbell, we've got Dylan. They have Muzak, we have the Stones. Huxley was wrong; they didn't need test tubes to make machine people, and we've even stolen their soma. They are losing the ability to distinguish themselves from one another (except in possessions).

The malcontents number 15 to 20% of the population. We do what we can. We continuously attack and destroy component parts of the Empire while we struggle to define an affirmative trip. We attack the propaganda they call education, we attack the corporations, we attack the draft, we attack bourgeois morality and ego trips. We attack their pig culture, and we attack what Karl-baby called superstructures. If the movement can keep up the struggle and maintain communication with the oppressed peoples of the world, we can work together to destroy American imperialism.

In case you're interested, I'm not going to be arrested for writing this article. I've broken no law. I haven't called for the violent overthrow of the government. I am a poet; one of the tricks is to imply certain things without actually stating them.

Remember, they're painting the passports brown because the country is full of shit.

M. L. Firstenberg



slc

334 Auburn Ave., N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia 30303

Up and Comin'

- March 29... H.S.S.A.W. rally,
1 pm at 826 S. Wabash,
2 bands, lights.
- April 5... S.M.C. anti-war march,
1pm State&Wacker, rally
at Coliseum with 2 bands,
lights.
- April 9... Earth Mother-Free City
Music pseudo-benefit, 6:30
pm, 555 W Belden, band,
lights, free!!!!



Wicker Park Welfarites Wasted

You walk into the Wicker Park Welfare Office and see despairing faces atop sagging bodies, waiting, sitting on folding chairs. A mean-faced woman comes out from behind the dividers and calls for "Gee-sus Romero". Nobody gets up. The girl across from me notes that it might help if the lady pronounced "Jesus" as the Latins do. And that's what LADO is all about.

The Latin-American Defense Organization (LADO) started as an informal group of people who raised bail money for Latins stranded in jail after the 1966 Division Street riots. The only "community leaders" at the time were Daley's hacks, and they showed no interest in getting people out of prison or in doing anything else for the community.

The bail-raisers, seeing this void, organized themselves into LADO and initiated a boycott of the local National Food Stores. There are two National stores in the Wicker Park community, and at the time they employed only one Spanish-speaking person. LADO demanded that they hire more Latin employees. The boycott worked, and more Chicano and Puerto Rican employees were hired.

Next, Lado took on the Wicker Park Welfare office. The welfare war has lasted through two city commissioners, three local directors, two years, and numerous arrests. LADO's goal: to see that people got what they had coming to them. When emergencies occurred, LADO wanted people to get emergency welfare funds. If someone needed furniture or clothing, it should be provided. People should get what the welfare laws entitle them to. At first, LADO tried a very straightforward approach. If someone needed help, they would go to the welfare office and inquire. Sent elsewhere, they would go there...and there...and there. All they got was a runaround and tired feet. The supervisor of the Wicker Park office was notoriously anti-Latin.

Eventually, after much protest, LADO succeeded in getting a new supervisor for the Wicker Park welfare office. The new supervisor, Mrs. Sosin, was the best in the city, specially brought in because of the fuss LADO raised. And she was a good supervisor. Emergency monies, furniture and clothing came through. LADO's inquiries and

grievances were listened to and dealt with. Soon, the Wicker Park welfare office was spending more money than any other welfare office in the city---although it was only giving what the law allowed. It became a scandal. Fraud investigations were held. Sosin was ousted and a new director, Cunningham, came in to tighten the belt.

Cunningham cut expenses by two-thirds, which is remarkably businesslike if meeting people's needs isn't your main business. Emergency checks were stopped. Furniture was held back. Barriers were set up between the people and the welfare workers in the office. Cunningham's only accomplishment, his pride and joy, was the installation of free (bad) coffee.

When LADO complained about the cutbacks, Cunningham refused to meet with them. In the fall of 1968 many people in the community needed clothing. LADO led 200 people in a march on the office and confronted city welfare director Robinson. Ultimately, some people got the money they needed, others got too little, and many got nothing at all. Twenty-three appeals have been filed. (To understand what this means, note that in all of New York City only 19 welfare appeals were filed all last year!) Since then, there have been sixteen arrests in the office, for such crimes as saying "bullshit", talking to caseworkers, and knocking over the prized coffee machine.

All this culminated in a March 10 demonstration at the Wicker Park welfare office. Two days later, caseworkers (forbidden to participate or "look out the window" at the March 10 demonstration) held a picket of their own. The upshot of these protests, in which nine were arrested, has been the support of virtually all the local community agencies and settlement houses, which heretofore had stayed out of the dispute. LADO has issued 22 demands, ranging from the transfer of Cunningham to the handing out (several weeks faster than mailing) of emergency checks to the needy, for more staff at the reception desk where now one woman has to deal with fifty or a hundred people at once.

LADO and the supporting community agencies are planning another march in April to demand that the Wicker Park office respond to the needs of the people.

Mike Abrahams

Chicago police attacked and clubbed several hundred marchers today (March 10) outside the Wicker Park public aid office, 1567 N. Milwaukee. The protest march was sponsored by the Community Coalition of Wicker Park and had the support of the Latin American Defense Organization (LADO), the Spanish Action Committee, the United Christian Community Services, Women Mobilized For Action, the Black Panther Party, and members of the Independent Union of Public Aid Employees.

The demands of the marchers were: 1) the removal of the director of the welfare office, Walter A. Cunningham, and his assistant, James Peterson; 2) that a new director be named with the approval of a community committee; 3) the right to approve or reject new welfare policies set by the office. Cunningham called the demand for his removal "silly" and "unreasonable."

In preparation for the arrival of the march, employees of the Wicker Park welfare office had been ordered not to leave the building all day, to prevent them from joining the demonstration. Police on the scene immediately frisked about 50 Panthers who had accompanied the marchers; the Panthers submitted to the frisk in a disciplined manner with their hands clasped in front of them. Trouble broke out when only a few of the marchers were allowed into the building to meet with Cunningham. When the whole group tried to follow, they were attacked by club-swinging police. A battle developed over Obed Lopez, leader of LADO, when police tried to arrest him. The cops finally succeeded in wrestling his body from the crowd and pulled him into the building.

In all, nine were arrested. Lopez and Carlos Herdia were charged with aggravated battery, mob action, resisting arrest, and disorderly conduct. Police claim to have suffered two injuries, including one officer from the Intelligence Division (a misnomer), who was bitten on the wrist. A number of marchers, including a four-year-old girl, were injured.

FRED

An opposite criticism was that some people seemed to have read an article referring to the culprits as members of the black community and said, "Aha! The Black Panthers!" If the article was all that ambiguous, I again apologize.

All that the article meant to say was that, when we see a brother committing an injustice against another brother, we should do something to prevent that action and any similar action in the future. Everyone has to work together to hip each other to common problems, desires, and thoughts. Everyone has to actualize the myth of community.

Maybe the oddest thing about the story is that one of the rippists-rapists was apprehended on March 22nd when he walked into the new location of the Sight Shop without knowing what it was.

Hope,
Al Rosenfeld

AN

APOLOGY:

This is for the benefit of those who read my article in the last issue of the Seed and were a bit disturbed. The piece concerned the community at the Sight Shop (all but one white) and the three men who ripped them off (all black).


One criticism was that I did not go into the sociology of oppression; e.g., why second-class treatment turns people into deviant social pathways. My treatment of the specific event rather than the underlying pattern of cultural exploitation seems to have struck some as "racist." For this I apologize.

a good hamburger is hard to find... unless you look for it



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THE FEEDSTORE
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weekdays 4 to 1
fri. & sat. 5 to 2
2464 n. lincoln



ALTERNATE SOCIETY



THE NEW SPIRIT IN THE DEEP SOUTH; WELCOME BROTHERS

floor in the frontroom), and the lights were low and they put on music and Dylan starts singing somethin, you know.....and like you felt this spirit, I really felt this spirit of a new....of a new....Mind, of a new age where the schools are good because they're getting these people together!

Like these guys were saying that three or four years ago you could count every Head on your one hand, and now, he says, there's a larger group, you see. And they talked about Chapel Hill in North Carolina and he said there's a lotta heads there, you know, they're just all over, and a lotta good things are happening. Like the kids are forced to go to school by their parents, and it just forces them into this thing. But the thing is, it's working FOR the kids instead of AGAINST them! It's working OPPOSITE to the direction that it's supposed to be working!

The universities are supposed to mold the people to fill up all of these positions that are out here, but in the meantime what's happening is the New Spirit is taking over and they're being FORCED into this by all the bullshit; first by the law, and then by their parents and the pressures and the this and that. But then they start finding out what's really happening when they start getting together and living together and really starting to talk to one another about it. Where else would they get together other than in schools?

They're smoking all this grass and doing all this dope together. Before, maybe, they smoked it alone, but here they smoke with all these people, and different kinds of people. And they're sharing a whole lotta other things, too. I think that it's beautiful that this New Mind, this New Spirit is coming together in all of these schools.

It's strange that these new and beautiful attitudes are forming on unbelievably ugly campuses. Yet, soon the ugliness will be gone, once this transition period we're in from the Old Mind to the New Mind passes. Once the New Mind takes over, all of that ugliness is gonna be gone.

FILTH REPORTS FROM THE YUKON:

WILD BICKLE TRAPPING IN THE FROZEN ARCTIC

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MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE

HARVEST

CASH CHECK O.M.G.

STANDS BIG OUT

STARS MAKE A REAL TEE TEE TEE

rumor Rumor **RUMOR**

t h a t

A BIG BUST

is planned for April.

 B E
 C O O L

People have received letters asking them to be on juries this spring, the letters saying that about 2,000 arrests are to be expected.

B E

C O O L

THE MAN
AT EASE
LOVES YOU

the seed

dinosaur culture

Jeff Kamen No Longer Perscrutates at WCFL

Sunday night, March 16, 10:30 pm, radio station WCFL, the Voice of Labor in Chicago; the West Side Story Chorus sings: "Life can be great in America/If you can fight in America-ca-ca-ca-ca..." A voice fades in: "The American liberation struggle is spreading every day; poor browns, poor whites, as well as blacks are beginning to demand changes in the Establishment whose policies of exploitation and repression have made America the wealthiest nation in the world with an incredibly large class of poor people. Tonight, all power to all the people. Good evening, this is Jeff Kamen, and this is the March for Justice...."

So began Jeff Kamen's last "Jeff Kamen Perscrutates" broadcast on WCFL. Kamen had been warned a month earlier that he would be fired if he continued to give so much of his attention to social-action stories. The heat was coming down directly from Mayor Daley. After all, one of Richard J. Daley's closest friends is 73-year old William A. Lee who is president of the Chicago Federation of Labor (CFL), and also president of radio station WCFL. And Lou Witz, station manager of WCFL, told Kamen, "I just can't stand to have Mr. Lee calling me to complain about the Mayor's calling him on the telephone about you."

Kamen was given his severance pay immediately after WCFL news director John Webster reluctantly told him on March 18, "Hey, Kamen; you've been fired."

Only two weeks earlier, "Variety" had published a puff-piece on the station, the source of which was probably Lou Witz, which said: "Much of (WCFL's local news) touch is by way of Jeff Kamen, a young aggressive tape-recorder reporter who speaks for the kid listeners in confronting the Windy City establishment and generally stepping in where others fear to tread."

Well "kids", manager Witz was surely pleased with that public statement. In private, however, Witz told Kamen, "I'M SICK AND TIRED OF HEARING ALL THOSE NIGGERS AND PORTO RICANS SCREAMING ON OUR RADIO STATION, JEFF...."

Witz had told Kamen that he, Witz, has been fed by the Machine in Chicago since he was a child. After Fred Hubbard, the Independent candidate who unseated Machine-Man L. C. Woods in the 2nd Ward was elected, Witz's comment on Chicago politics was: "it's not what's right (that's important), but what hurts the Machine." Kamen said that Witz's "ethics are as elastic as the situation demands---the path of least possible resistance is by definition the right one."

On Monday, March 24, Jeff Kamen will press charges against WCFL at an executive board meeting of his union, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. He will tell them that he was fired for reasons of racial and political discrimination by the Voice of Labor in Chicago.

After three years of broadcasting for WCFL (except for a five and a half month stint at WBBM in 1966), 25-year old Jeff Kamen is off the air in Chicago. When he was asked what he would broadcast about the Grand Jury indictments of eight convention demonstration leaders and eight Chicago policeman if he were to go on the air Sunday, Kamen said he would say: "The indictments are parallel to burning one witch instead of going after the devil, the Grand Jury action is nothing more than a salve for the Establishment conscience."

Jeff Kamen is an Establishment reporter. He is looking for another job. We are looking for more Jeff Kamens. Marshall Rosenthal

Saint Patrick's Day Parade, or: Where Have All The Irish Gone?

They're a good people, the Irish are; parading their colors on the Day of St. Patrick. Jim Conway, the parade m.c., tells us this is the biggest St. Paddy's parade in the world, bigger than Dublin's celebration. And part of this may be due to the Chicago Irishman's need to romanticize his homeland, to feel again it's roots and humanitarian-revolutionary spirit. For, at the corner of State and Madison, as the functionaries are taking their seats in the reviewing stand, one cannot feel humanitarianism or romanticism; here the logical end of American urban life is felt as neighbor is crushed against neighbor, one man shouting "get your damn hands out of my pocket", a lady casting a vicious glance because you brushed against her breast.

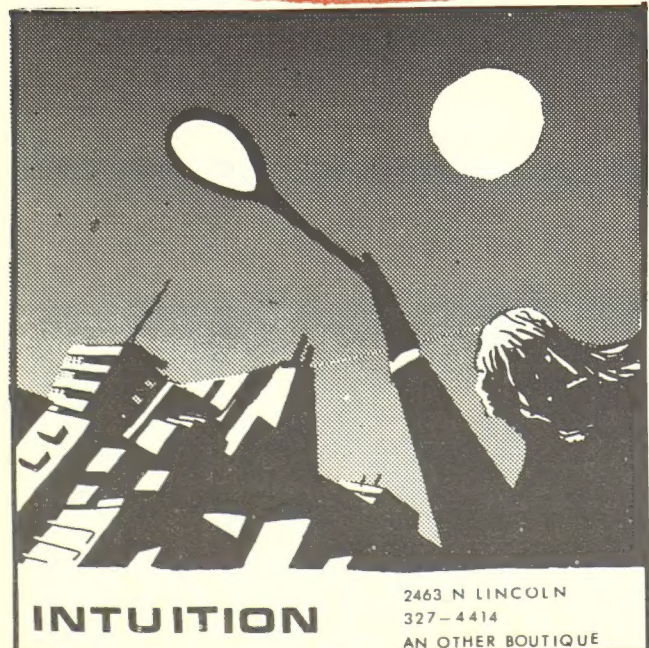
The tone of the parade has little really to do with a Patron Saint, a national mythological figure who chased the snakes from Ireland. The parade is an American parade, as American as the Chicago Police Department motorcycle escort, and the Marine Corps band playing "From The Halls of Montezuma." It is as American as the pretty little six-year old lass who's mother walks beside her, showing her how properly to march in time to the music. It is as American as the 18th Ward Organization contingent, blood-red Daley faces intermingled with Jackie Gleason's poor soul, that shlub who through fear knocks on the voters' doors each election day. The St. Patrick's Day parade in Chicago is as American as the Post Office Marching Band, almost all black people, the color guard flanked by two rifle-toting postmen.

It is an American parade, this Irish celebration. Two contingents carried modest signs: "U.S. Immigration Laws Unfair to Ireland." But the signs were small, hung amidst green and white bunting, and never to be announced by the parade master of ceremonies.

As the Navy Band passed, newly elected alderman Fred Hubbard quietly left the street and walked down the stairs, underground to the subway station.

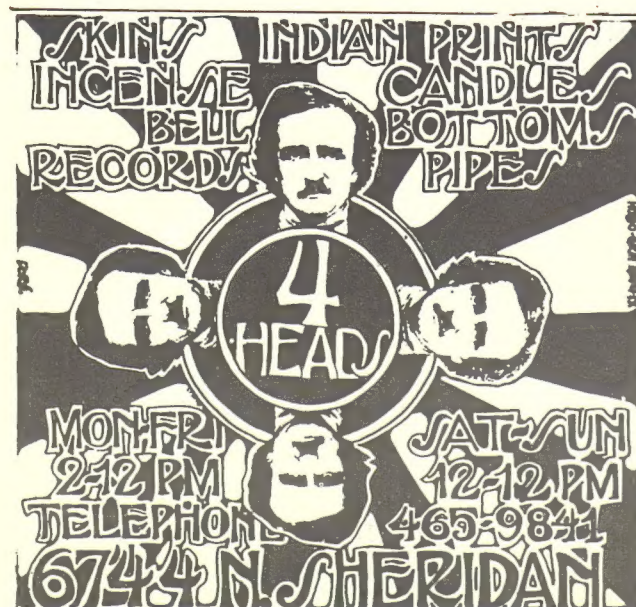
An hour into the parade, a St. Patrick figure marched down the center of State Street leading a snake (three people in a Chinese New Year reptile). As they passed the reviewing stand, the macabre face of Mayor Daley was revealed. St. Patrick began to beat the snake. St. Patrick was removed from the parade.

And the bands, the American bands, played on. M.R.



INTUITION

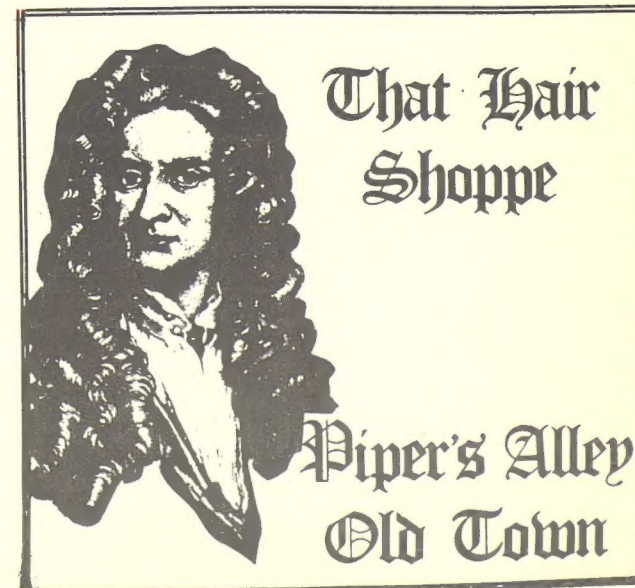
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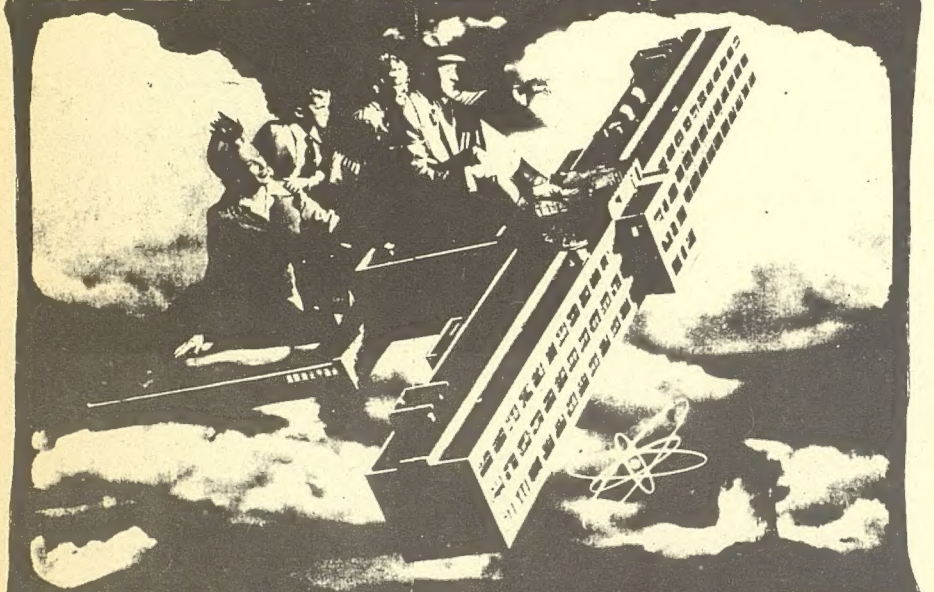
George Washington you stupid cocksucker! You scarfaced pederast! You Betsy Ross fucking, land owning, slave owning distorted over and over again, referred to since birth as a man of infinite goodness and courage...Great Iron Jawed Pot Head!

George, George if you could see what's happening here now. The Fugs are out in the street and Taco stands are going up all around us and our country is engaged in yet another war. What are we to do oh great one, as castles fall down around us? We don't want to have to cross the Appalachians again. Our economy is falling apart. George, give us some reassurance that next year things will be all right.

Behind a Shell Oil Co. scallop shell the image appears. George Washington! Resurrected! He's dressed in sheer nightshirt and is possible to see bulging sex organs beneath it.

"I have come to save all ya," he calls in raspy gargle to sell out crowd at Dodger Stadium, men in shirt sleeves with bottles of orange pop in their hands, women fanning their faces with programs, children crawling blood worms around railings. "There's troubles in these times and I got just what the doctor ordered!" Greasy flies buzz incessant around the speaker's head and he swats at them with boney fist. "You got your wars. And you got your niggers riot through the street---Gettysburg, or some Goddamn place like that. Well," he reaches into worn out leather satchel and brings out a bottle of green liquid, "this is what I've come back for --- Smith's Tonic!"

THE FAULT & TINKY



A HISTORY OF AMERICA BY BILL HUDIN

Immediate millions of boos and hisses rent the air and George Washington takes momentary refuge as a deluge of junk falls around him. Hesitantly he reappears and continues his talk.

"Now don't be upset goddamnit! This shit works. I gurantee it works. Just cool it and let me give my spiel."

"Friends, are you bothered about doubts? Does the news of your son's death who had all the promise, leave you. Does the thought of an atomic holocaust keep you in your cellar while others are out at the lake? If these things bother you, if anything bothers you, reach for the bottle with the American Flag on the front --- Smith's cure all tonic. It's a revolutionary new concoction from Joe's Drug Outlet and has a minty taste that kids will love. Grown-ups love it too. So do dogs and cats and armadillos if you have any. So, forget about our country." George Washington reaches beneath his nightshirt and slowly starts to masturbate. "Take this shit in the morning. Take it at night. Watch nightmares disappear..."

In a fit of uncontrolled passion he rips the nightshirt away from his body and masturbates with both hands, saliva and blood dripping from his mouth as his old pearly eyes search the area for Nathan Hale, Benedict Arnold, Patrick Henry & George Rodgers Clark. He is up on the scallop shell, spot lights illuminate his pearly white frenzied body, as white attendants appear with a straight jacket and drag the first President of the United States away.

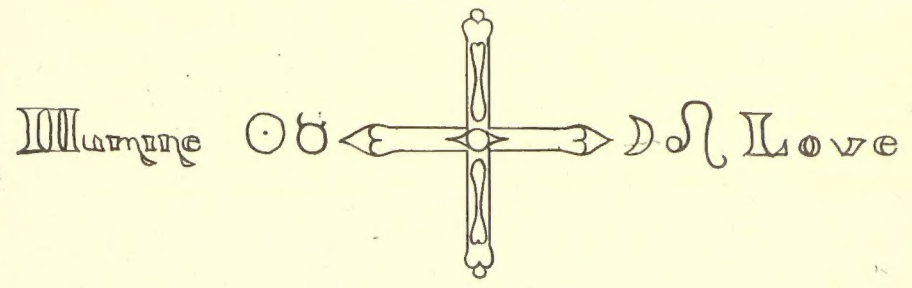
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the date

See the Seed Soon for Cosmic Joys

Dear Magi,

I have heard of a monk who tried to combine the Moslem and Christian religions. Have any of his writings been published?
B. Connor, Elgin, Ill.

Dear Brother Connor,

NICEPHORUS, a Fifteenth Century Greek monk, composed gospels of this nature. They were adopted in part by the French Templars, and later discovered in Paris.

I do not know if his work is still in print. Check with the Occult Bookstore, 651 N. State, Chicago.

To "Julia",

The snake behind the rock is sleeping. She sheds her skin. She does not suspect and she shall not awake. Lost Birthstones do not only mean Death; in your case it means the change of Birth Sign in the Zodiac.

I suspect that you are attached to the Ruby at this time and the time to follow. To be sure I would need your exact time of birth (to the minute), and place of birth. Write clearly, since there is nothing to fear.

The fiendish snake sleeps. Do not search for the Stone, since, like water, the many moons have taken his powers. If he is meant to return he will do so --- the search will diminish your power and leave you as an empty shell.

The Aqua turns pale and loses his meaning. Forget and live, for a much Brighter Stone is awaiting you.

For questions on Astral Projection and all other Occult Sciences, contact Jo Anna Guthrie Smith at 312-653-4966.

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RECORD

GINSBERG'S THING -- Douglas, SD 801
(Recorded at the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy)

It is always a pleasure to have Allen Ginsberg in your home. For Allen creates word-music and is always "making it new" by renewing kindness and gentleness and open-pored awareness.

On the first side of this album he joyously wails, self-accompanied on his squeeze-box, a Zen Buddhist chant, "High Perfect Wisdom", and poetically evokes his feelings at a Beatle's concert and at the famous party at Ken Kesey's with the Hell's Angels. "Small Spoleto Mantra" is a brief joyful song perfectly suited to the aural medium; one which would not work as well in print.

But I get a feeling that the Douglas Recording Corporation is trying to put something over on the record-buyer with this album. The bold print on the back of the jacket lists the poems which Ginsberg reads. In smaller print they say "Allen Ginsberg is also reading translations of the poetry of Giuseppe Ungaretti." The "also reading" is all of Side Two.

Here, Ungaretti recites his Italian poems and Ginsberg occasionally breaks in with translations. This form is very difficult to listen to, and is injurious to both the fierce and rhythmic cadence of the Italian and the content of the English. Ungaretti's poems are to be seen as well as heard, their mysteries requiring quiet digestion. Both he and Ginsberg are denied in this United Nations' format. Without a text the second side is an unfortunate waste.

But I would still recommend that you listen to the first side of the album. You can buy the whole album for \$5.95 or you can call your local FM station and ask that they play the first side while you get your tape recorder ready. It will cost about twenty-five cents to make the tape. And Allen would like that, too. mr

SISTER GEORGE

"The Killing Of Sister George" -- at the State-Lake Theater Ernest Thompson

HONESTY forces me to admit that, even before seeing it, I wanted to like this film. The reason is, because like many of you, I too had read the New York reviews. Therefore, I was prepared for excellent vibrations. Also, I'm ashamed to confess, I missed the play when it appeared here and closed much too soon at the Studebaker a few seasons ago. Well, the movie has made up for everything.

It's perfect, in script, acting and score. One of the finest pieces to spring out of 35mm color in a long time. Indeed, I consider it at least two expressions above "Faces" as being the film of the year. And frankly I'm surprised it's in a major loop house.

Mrs. Croft, Coral Browne, is particularly outstanding. For me, she stole the flick. Susannah York, on the other hand, was merely adequate.

I will purposely not tell you any more about Sister George than you have already read in order to spare you that which I have suffered---too much pre-digested information. Nevertheless, you'll be surprised to learn that even women occasionally visit prostitutes.

By the way, the scene for which the establishment slapped that "X" rating is really very tame. Strictly for those under 18 who won't be able to get in, I'll tell you it's only a scene where in the slick, female television executive sucks "Charlie's" (York) breasts, kisses her, while simultaneously engaging in a little second finger exercise.

One day our society will realize, I hope, that some women can love each other and that this, too, can be beautiful, enchanting and, yes, normal for the principals involved. Whatever conclusions you will draw from "Sister George" must be your own. Who you are and what you're looking for in life. It's that personal. And it's also that good.

at the 3E

"Who's That Knocking At My Door" -- a film at the Three Penny Cinema

"C'mon J.R., let's go Uptown, I know a broad Uptown!" "Naw, let's go to the Village, c'mon we'll have some drinks in the Village; I'll buy!" And it still goes on, oh God it's still happening. We're so isolated here in our little community, everyone falling into easy categories of "long-hairs" and "straights" and "greasers" and "pigs". In the flight from middle-classness we so easily forget our working-class origins, those frustrations and sadnesses and side-splitting wisecracks that were our youth.

In "Who's That Knocking At My Door", writer/director Martin Scorsese, a 26-year old Italian-New Yorker has put all of these qualities, these poignancies and defeats together in a film which captures the quintessence of the Italian or Polish or Irish or working-class-ethnic immigrant children of America. (The interchangeability is so great that Scorsese, unable to fill all of the Italian parts with Italians, cast Jews from NYU in Italian roles, and ya can't tell em apart.)

The story? The plot?: the camera beautifully conveys its impressions. The feelings, the vibrations?: hilarity at the street-humor, fear at the violence, amazement at the ritual, warmth at the love-passion, and an overwhelming sadness that in the Year 1969 a 20-year old fellow reaching out toward another and perhaps fuller existence must reject it because the girl of his dreams, yes, the girl whom he loves and wants and need---is not a virgin.

"C'mon J.R., let's go Uptown, I know a broad Uptown!"

Marshall Rosenthal

"I pity the poor immigrant who...in the end is always left so alone" --- words written by another immigrant child of America.

ECO TRIP

Sweet are the uses of adversity: hated and feared, technology has yet a jewel in its head. Kinetic art. Light show. Pretties. The proper use for a circuit box being the programming of different beauties, that of the gravity switch to make a plain plastic ball become a magic lantern when moved, the intricate wires lead to intricate sensations of light/sound/warmth/movement: all for to turn you on. Much better than those machines which give nothing and demand all, which turn people into machines. Kinetic-art machines turn people into people. Lovely.

There are a dozen or so attempts, variously successful, at turn-on machines, constructed by students at IIT and displayed at the Rosner Gallery for Student Artists on Ontario Street, now through April 6. Crude, compared to the mind-blowing "Options" show of a few months ago at the Museum of Contemporary Arts next door; but good to see the embryos of tomorrow's turn-ons.

Up the street and in a whole 'nother vein, Jerome Walker's drawings, prints, collages and blueprints in a two-man show at Sears Vincent Price Gallery, Michigan and Ontario. The other half of the two-man show is a retrospective show of George Biddle's paintings and graphics, mostly in the splash-dribble bag of the Fifties, but very well done. Walker's stuff is mostly on the Icarus legend theme, with slight vestiges of his late Zebra period. He's a superb draftsman, and his limited color range only serves to point up his exquisite sense of line. Through March 22.

Saw three movies the last couple of weeks, two on the tube, that started me wondering about contemporaneity. First was at the Chicago Historical Society: "Flying Down to Rio", circa 1932, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers and a big Busby Berkeley-style production number done on the wings of airplanes; then "The Wild One", with Marlon Brando; and third, "The Wizard of Oz". Now why is it that "The Wild One" is as badly dated as "Flying", but "The Wizard" is still worth seeing, even when you know most of the dialogue and all the songs by heart? And why is it that a ten- or fifteen-year old movie is as embarrassingly quaint as a thirty-year old flick? Even more so, because I can remember thinking that Brando in "The Wild One" was just the COOLEST thing I'd ever seen. And things---not just movies, but songs, books, everything---are becoming outdated faster and faster. A five-year old flick can make us squirm now. Pretty soon instant replay will be too slow, yesterday's movie with yesterday's newspaper. And then we can start thinking about what

affects us about what we're seeing right now, what is geewhizgoshwowboyoboy-COOL anyway, what makes us wig over this sound or that curl of lip and where do fads come from? and why do we still get that uprush of longing in our chest when the latest whateveritis appears? and what is it we long for that we won't long for tomorrow?

What turns you on or off, inside outside or every way but loose? Can you talk about it, sing, play it on the guitar maybe? Paint it, make it into a piece of paper with marks or embossing or things stuck to it? Build it into a machine? Fuck it, eat it, smoke or shoot or drop it? Psychoanalyze it, worship it? Can you live it? Do you know anybody who can?

Me neither.

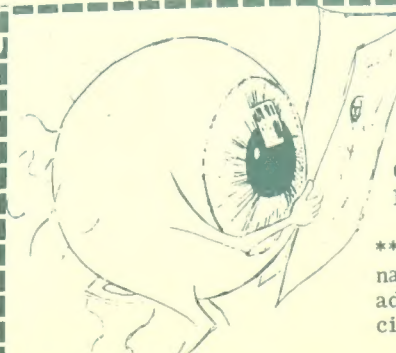
Oh but it's there still, and all your questions can't touch it, it can't be rubbed with the mind or the body or ingested like French fries---only maybe it is French fries---but the answer is everywhere, meaning nowhere, meaning it's so split up that any answer is the answer and no answer is. Nice to have machines that light up pretty, nice to do pretty things with paint and ink and paper and film, nice to speculate even about it as this speculates, nice to be able to gargle mentally like this---but this isn't it either.

Marshall MacLuhan, what're ya doin'?

Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

I can't come back --- I don't know how it works.

Valerie Walker



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SUZY Q'S KAMPUS KLATTER

Those who run the ed-mills of Chicago and the rest of the midwest are being forced to consider what many movement worrywarts have warned against for quite some time--organized violence from the right. First indications seem to be that the corn-fed bureaucrats will be far more tolerant of militancy in the name of the American myth than they have been with longhair-leftist protest.

At the University of Iowa, for instance, a recent student power confab was interrupted when right-wing commandoes activated a tear gas grenade. When the legislature got together, it addressed itself not to the issue of free speech but to the traditionally whines about, but to the effrontery of one speaker who dared to say "that word."

In Chicago, attorney S. Thomas Sutton, head of the KKK-like Crescent Organization and of late a gubernatorial candidate, informed all of the city's news desks that they should cover an SDS-sponsored seminar at Wright Jr. College on March 20th. The press showed up, and saw guest speaker Bernadine Doherty (SDS Interorganizational Secretary) pelted with eggs by a group affiliated with an organization called the July Fourth Movement. One rotten egg was arrested.

A leader and spokesman (they aren't as shy as we) of the J. F. M. is Keith Celio, a 22-year-old army vet who says that he advocates a program of victory in Vietnam and "showing SDS the folly of disruptive activities." Although Celio actively heads the Wright Chapter (other branches are at Northwestern, Northeastern, Chicago Circle, and the U of C), he is not a student there. In other words, SDS has their National Conference barred from the Austin campus when the Texas Board of Regents concludes that it is composed of subversives and agitators, but Celio has barristers close to the administrative structure for his press agency. "Root, root, root for the home team."

Rightist opposition, while not to be taken lightly, is only one of the forces with which on-campus movements must contend. How to cope with the diverse tactics of individual administrators is a major problem in the battle to restructure the university.

Essentially, there is the dirty-deal method of U of C President Edward Levi, the 'no bullshit' style of Notre Dame's Fr. Theodore Hesburgh, and the double-barreled approach of good old S.I. Hayakawa. Levi allowed demonstrators to live in the Administration Building for sixteen days without batting an eyelash only to then expel 32 students and suspend 67 (more to come) once it became obvious that the SDS-radical contingent had failed to fire involvement. Levi, stimulated by damage done to his front door during a February 24th solidarity march and a raid on the elite Quadrangle Club by radicals enraged over their lack of success in countering his student-power sops, has embarked on a purge of student and faculty radicals that pays no attention to the mild petitions of the Independent Action Coalition.

Hesburgh's hard line boils down to giving demonstrators fifteen minutes to shit or split. Since the immediate issue--a "pornography" exhibition by off-campus people--was one at odds with the prevailing vibe at Notre Dame, the good Father had so little difficulty snuffing dissent (including an underground paper called Vaciline) that Nixon appointed him head of the Civil Rights (remember that the conspiracy indictments are in the name of 'civil rights') Commission. Ironically, the Faculty Senate at the Urbana branch of the University of Illinois ran 'afoul of the law' when it's move to expel 261 veterans of last September's campus follies was judged to be based on an unconstitutional section of the Illinois mob action law.

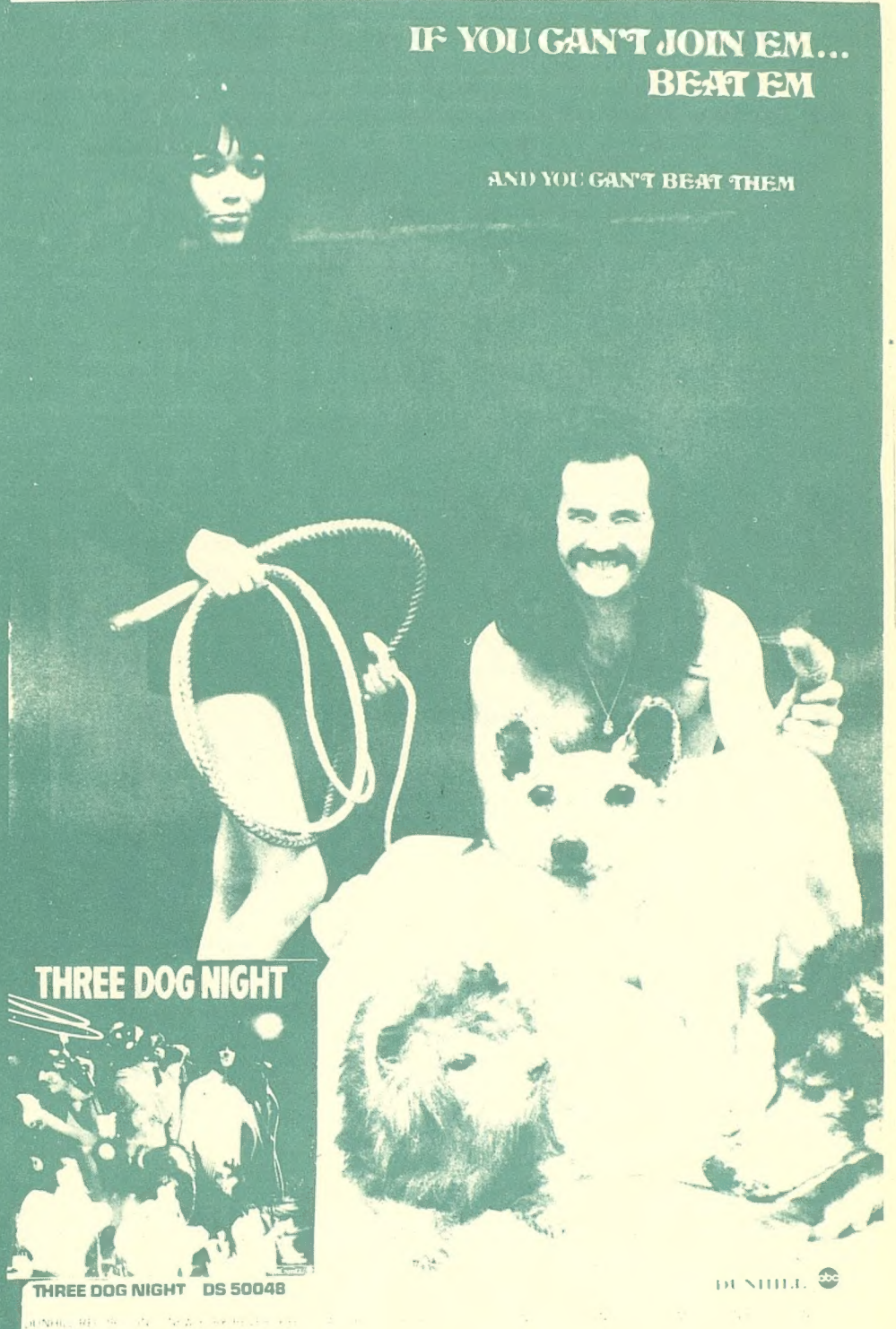
Hesburgh's M. O. and Nixon's suspension of federal aid to busted students while quoting Yeats on the need to preserve the center have much in common. But Nixon's argument that "It is not too strong a statement to declare that this is the way civilizations begin to die" is similar to Hayakawa's riff about the difference "between use of police to suppress human freedom which occurs in a Fascist state and the use of police in a democratic society" and the repression that it justifies.

Hayakawa has become the symbol of repression, not because of any special neandertalism but due to his being up against a bunch of dedicated organizers more concerned with goals than their continued enrollment. While nobody is sure about who won what, the twenty-week Mama Strike experience shows that radicalizing a community may have negative repercussions beyond the scope of the school in question. The Justice Department, for instance, is compiling dossiers on agitators, and state legislatures everywhere are planning reactive laws. Wretched Ronnie gets more popular with the mass of Californians every time a brick smashes a window, and the New Right (also the name of the magazine of Breakthrough, a fascist organization based in Detroit) is getting itself together. While the conservative Committee for an Academic Environment and the militantly reactionary SMART have little real power at State, they augur what the future may bring.

In the immediate future, activists can expect to smother in gloop like Quinnipiac College's (Hampden, Connecticut) "talk-in" program while running the gauntlet of cop and collegiate counter-action. The one sure thing is that the road to restructuring the university will be a hard one, fraught with reformist pitfalls.

IF YOU CAN'T JOIN EM...
BEAT EM

AND YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM



The Village of Ben Suc, by Jonathan Schell,
Vintage Books, pps. 132, 1968, \$1.65.
a review by Scott London

Reading The Village of Ben Suc is to relive the Fascist plague that scoured Europe. Ben Suc, Vietnam is Lidice, Czechoslovakia. In Lidice, Nazi troopers made an example of the village to serve as an example of what happens to pockets of resistance under Nazi occupation.

The fascists surrounded the village of Lidice. No one was allowed to leave. Those that tried were shot down. The men were separated from the women and children. All the men were killed. Women and children were shipped to concentration camps.

The Nazi soldiers burned the village. After the flames flicked out the ruins were dynamited. And when the dust and ashes settled down, the village was leveled with bulldozers. Razed and emptied of life, nothing remained of the village that was Lidice.

American soldiers (as was the case with Lidice, the puppet government, in this case, the Thieu-Key government, was not informed in advance of Operation Cedar Falls) surrounded the village of Ben Suc. No one was allowed to leave. Those who tried were killed. All males between the age of 15 and 45 were evacuated to the Provincial Police headquarters for interrogation. ARVN soldiers, following their own leaders, stole the village blind. Ben Suc's women and children were sent to concentration camps. Pretty village girls became field whores for the U.S. occupation troops.

"The demolition teams arrived in Ben Suc on a clear, warm day... (U.S.) G.I.'s moved down the narrow lanes and into the sunny, quiet yards of the empty village, pouring gasoline on the grass roofs of the houses and setting them afire with torches... Before the flames had died out in the spindly black frames of the houses, bulldozers came through the copses of palms, uprooting the trees as they proceeded and lowered their scoops to scrape the packed-mud foundations bare... The bulldozers cut their paths across the backyard fences, small graveyards, and ridged fields of the village... When the demolition teams withdrew, they had flattened the village, but the original plan for demolition had not yet run its course. Faithful to the initial design, Air Force jets sent their bombs down on the deserted ruins, scorching again the burned foundations of the houses and pulverizing for a second time the heaps of rubble, in the hope of collapsing tunnels too deep and well hidden for the bulldozers to crush--as though, having once decided to destroy it, we were bent on annihilating every possible indication that the village of Ben Suc had ever existed."

KILLED IN ACTION

At twelve he knocked out
Three of my best teeth and
I wanted him dead but
Even then -

not this way.

Steve Olderr



HIYA KAWA!



To: Dr. S. I. Hayakawa

It has come to our attention that you frequently and conspicuously pronounce sentences in public having an "is of identity" followed by a "snarlword"--e.g., "These students are fascists," "These students are crazed by dope."

A scientific discipline known as General Semantics teaches that such sentences have detrimental effects upon the nervous system of the user, contributing to neuro-semantic disorientation, creating confusion between the map and the territory, and leading to unsane behavior. A person habitually addicted to such sentences imitates animals in his nervous reactions, becomes dogmatic and categorical, loses the characteristically human consciousness of abstracting, and may even become so impassioned by neuro-semantic primitive reactions as to commit crimes against property, such as attacking other people's trucks, tearing up other people's wires, etc.

There are and have been several excellent teachers of General Semantics abroad in the land during recent decades and one of them, coincidentally, has the same name as you--if we were not aware that "the label is not the thing," we might even think he was you. By further coincidence, this man when last heard of was also at San Francisco State College. We suggest earnestly that you should attempt to get in touch with him, if he can still be reached, and obtain from him some basic training in General Semantics principles.

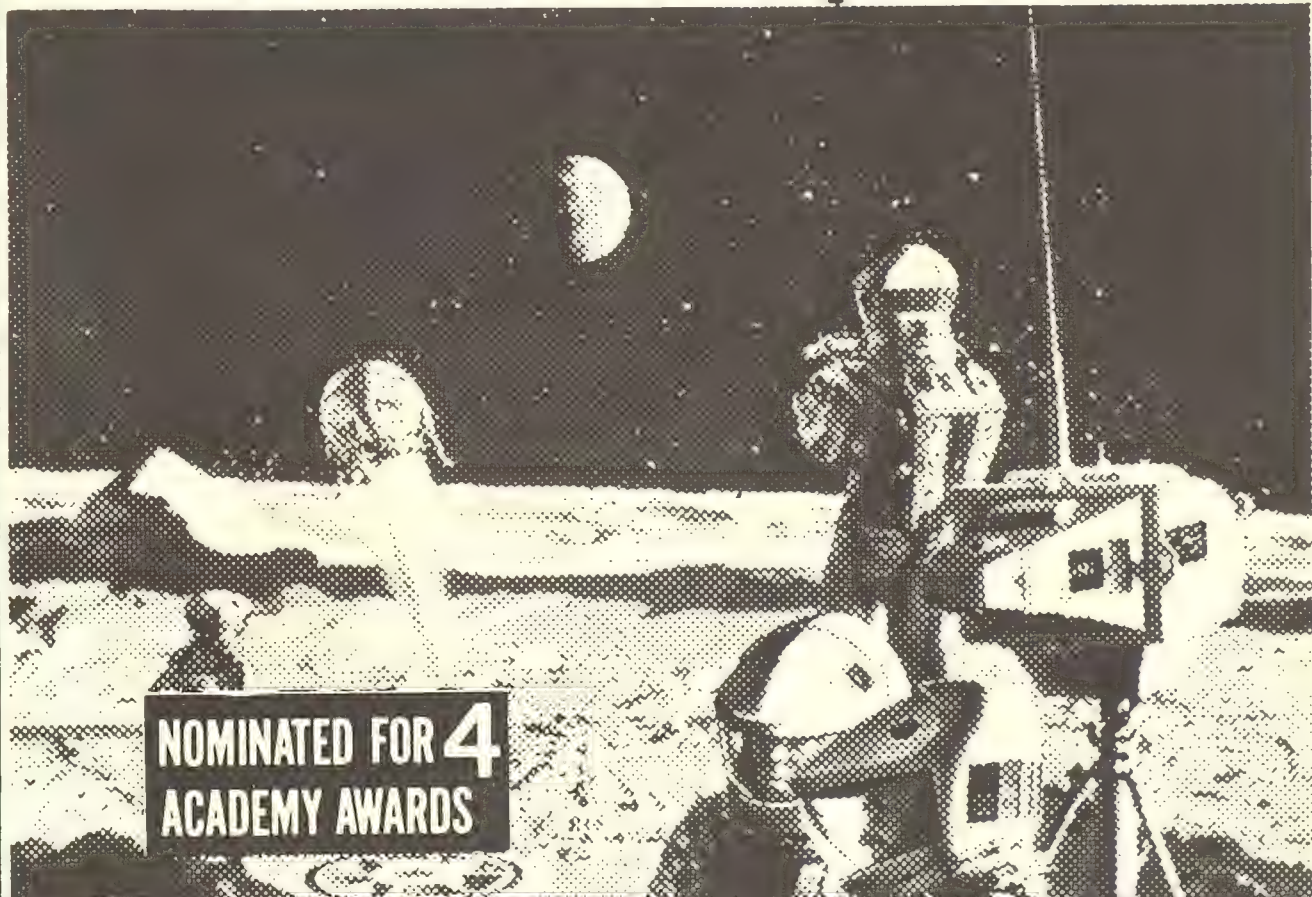
He might also teach you something about neuro-semantic relaxation. If the last photo we saw of you confronting the dissidents, your entire face, shoulders, and body showed rigidity, neuro-semantic closedness, and the general non-verbal message, "Don't talk to me, my mind is made up." General Semantics might also teach you how to grow out of this infantile and primitive attitudinal set and function as a time-binding and open personality. Please get in touch with the other Dr. Hayakawa and give this a try.

Theophobia the Elder

S.I. HAYAKAWA CAN BE SEEN AT THE EXECUTIVE HOUSE ON APRIL 18th.

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OBSCENITY

An Open Letter From Seed Artist Karl-Heinz Meschbach

(On March 7, 1969, Magistrate Paul F. Gerrity ruled that the Christmas issue of the SEED was not obscene, and dropped charges brought by the City of Chicago against Seedlings A. Peck and M. Abrahams, and bookseller Barbara Kahn. However, Gerrity said that the centerfold drawing in question was obscene, but because the periodical as a whole was not obscene, charges were to be dropped. Karl-Heinz Meschbach created the drawing. Following are his comments on the ruling.)

Though the charges against the Chicago Seed Publishing Co. and Barbara Kahn have been dropped, I feel that the important issue at hand is that my work is still being improperly interpreted as obscene. At the hearing Magistrate Gerrity (who has admitted that he did not know if the drawing was well done or not) maligned my work, and in the process, maligned me.

Throughout these proceedings I have been judged by the Chicago Police, Magistrate Gerrity, and other city officials, but never by anyone who claims to know anything about art. I have been called a pornographer and my career has been severely hampered. I have never been given the opportunity to defend my work. I plan on releasing the drawing in question as a poster and showing it in exhibition. In light of the present decision, either of these undertakings could cause my arrest. I feel it only just that I be allowed to give defense of my work, and to have another decision rendered on the validity of my drawing as a work of art by knowledgeable persons.

I question the right of certain people to pass judgement on something that they can not and do not understand, or could ever appreciate. I question the right of certain people to pass judgement on me.

The Supreme Court has ruled that artistic merit becomes the redeeming factor in art. I demand that my work be judged solely on the basis of artistic merit, and not on the amount of space it takes up in any publication.

I am willing to defend my work at any time in any place to intelligent people, and can be reached by mail at my home at 1942 N. Cleveland, or messages can be left at the Chicago Seed, 337-2623.

Thank you,

Karl-Heinz Meschbach

SHIT

tick tick

...how many years now of...
the same old shit?

tick tick

(On the bed,
Looking nowhere with
Those big yellow eyes...)

tick tick

All there is? This
all there is?
Isn't something happening
...way out there?

tick tick

Lie there waiting....

tick tick

Please God,
Let me
Bust

out?

Steve Olderr

ORDINUM FUGITIVE

Dear Ordinum Fugitivi,

I was recently arrested for possession of a few ounces of marijuana. Since my arrest, I received a federal tax bill for \$100 per ounce for the entire quantity that I am charged with possessing. I will probably plead guilty to the possession charges. The additional tax bill is unfair; isn't it some sort of double jeopardy?

Indiana

Dear Indiana,

I was surprised to hear that the Feds bothered with the tax. Needless to say they have the authority to impose a tax. The basis of the tax is a federal statute imposing a tax on all transfers of marijuana. The tax is to be paid by the recipient and it varies from \$1 to \$100 per ounce. The \$1 tax is paid by those who register with the federal government. If you fail to register then the tax climbs to \$100 per ounce. The registration requirement covers everyone who has marijuana, whether legally or otherwise.

First, legally speaking, the tax, whatever else it may be, is not a form of double jeopardy. The constitutional protection against double jeopardy is very narrow and does not cover taxation imposed on unlawful activity even though it comes on the heels of a conviction. This is because the doctrine of double jeopardy says among other things that you cannot be tried for a charge made up of acts which are identical to those contained in charges at a former trial where there was an acquittal. The doctrine says even less than this but, I won't go into further detail. In any case, charges of unlawful possession are treated separately from the obligation to pay a tax on the transfer of marijuana.

There is another side to this problem, however. Recent Supreme Court decisions indicate that the marijuana transfer tax may be unconstitutional because of the registration requirement. The decisions say, in essence, that prosecution for failure to register and pay a tax on unlawful gambling is unconstitutional. They also invalidate the requirement of registration of guns where the possession of the guns is unlawful. The basis of these decisions is that the registration and tax provisions unconstitutionally require a man to incriminate himself in order to comply with the law. In other words, the man who registers and pays his tax thereby admits that he is engaged in unlawful activity.

Based on these decisions, I would like to be able to conclude that the present tax on the transfer of marijuana is invalid because it is a violation of the right against self-incrimination. I can't do so without reservation because there is a loophole (as usual). In the course of its opinion throwing out the gambling tax prosecution, the Court reserved the right of the government to tax unlawful activity. It is conceivable that the marijuana tax might be treated solely as a tax on the unlawful activity of engaging in the unauthorized transfer of narcotic drugs. I personally think that it would take tortured logic to come to such a result, but stranger things have happened.

Sincerely,
ORDINUM FUGITIVI



Limited as your home sound system may be, as compared to the incredibly intricate fabulously costly sound recording equipment found in most every studio nowadays, there's still a good game to be played on it. Try turning the treble knob way down and pushing the bass up as far as it'll go. Closely dig the tricks of the bass guitarist; the second most overlooked man in most rock groups except by the Plaster Casters, see current "Realist". Watching the bass has, in fact, become one of my favorite pastimes at live performances.

Several individuals stand out clearly, and as much as I don't cotton to the glory trip, they should at least be given some semblance of equal time with the lead players, drummers and singers who seem to get most of the limelight.

A few weeks ago at the Electric Theater (whoops, Kinetic Playground), Phil Lesh of the Grateful Dead gave a short course in the advantages of playing the bass keyed to the lead guitar. Jerry Garcia is a very fine guitarist, but the intricate and imaginative Lesh lends power and sustenance to every note he plays.

Another superb supporting bass player is Jack Cassidy of the Airplane. Listen to some of the cuts on "After Bathing at Baxter's", notice how Cassidy will sometimes hold back, entering the fray at the crucial moment with a dramatic, unexpected run. He, like Lesh, is a distinct and inseparable part of the "sound" that characterizes the group.

Jim Fielder of Blood, Sweat and Tears is a bassist who must be seen to be fully appreciated. A dogged and hard-working player, he has been unhighlighted in the group's albums, probably inevitably, due to the large size of the group. The whole rhythm section only comprises one-half of the aggregate transmission.

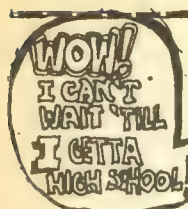
Larry Taylor from Canned Heat has, on the other hand, been getting more and more airwaves. The evolution of the group's sound from derivative blues to hard-rock/blues has brought him to the forefront of the total sound. This emphasis is part of the shtick that Canned Heat is finding highly successful in selling singles and getting AM air-play.

Seeing the group in person, though, or listening to the jams on their recent double album, you become aware that Taylor is one of the best. Rocking back and forth, long robe flowing to floor, he looks like a spaced-out Jewish businessman who's found his "thing" at last; and he gets heavily into his thing. Taking full control of the time element, he stops, starts and eases, bending the audience to his will. It's impossible to avoid total involvement in his playing when he gets going.

This by no means exhausts the lists of fine bass players around now; Jack Bruce and Mitch Mitchell both play exciting bass, Bruce utilizing Eric Clapton as a counter point while Mitch complements Hendrix without ever being intrusive; Bruce creating musical tension by being a third stream with the drums and guitar to produce that characteristic Cream drive, and Mitchell relieving the incredible tension of Hendrix's now-staccato now-mollifluous guitar solos.

Many others deserve SOME mention, but space prohibits a really thorough survey. Moby Grape, Jeff Beck, Electric Flag and Quicksilver are just a few of the groups blessed with bass players capable of supporting, expanding and integrating the group's performance.

And if you still think that the lead guitarist can do it alone, all you have to do is reverse the stereo's controls to high treble and see how flat and tinny even the best people sound without that ol' wailing bass.



High School Ga

On Wednesday, not long ago, a one-act comedy took place at Homewood's Flossmoor High School entitled "Open Forum", the purpose of which was to enable all disgruntled students to voice their opinions on school policies and issues. The deans were to answer "any and all" questions asked of them.

Deans are easily recognizable; they are the ones whose job it is to hassle the students. They check Johns to see that no one is smoking, walk the halls to see that you're where you should be and/or where you shouldn't be, check lockers, and generally just look cute.

The scene: The deans are sitting at a table in meet-the-press-fashion. Questions are asked, non-answers are given...

Q: Why is there a rule against long hair?

A: Long hair is bad. That was just to get your attention. (smiles) Now let me answer your question. Long hair these days gives the appearance of a "hippie". I'm not too familiar with the terminology, but I'm sure you know what I mean. And this is not a good image to give the community... Now, you know what the term "grubby" means. And if I asked you to go out into the hall and bring me a "grubby" person, I'm sure you could find me one. (Stifled laughter) And anyhow, long hair is ugly. That's my personal opinion.

Q: Is this supposed to be a learning institution or a fashion show?

A: Well, let me put it like this; appearances can distract the teacher and the people in the classroom---and in the classroom we want you to be learning. And some one who comes in with long hair, a grubby sweatshirt and smells will distract the class.

Q: Why IS there a dress code?

A: That's a very good question. I don't know why there is a dress code. It would make my job a lot easier if there weren't one, now wouldn't it? (prolonged laughter).

By this time my arm is getting numb. In true democratic spirit I've had my hand up waiting to be recognized. Finally I get the floor....

Q: What happens if we start wearing our red armbands again? (Last fall we had a mini-ha-ha revolution to prepare us for college life. I asked this question to find out whether the deans were up on the Supreme Court decision of two days earlier stating that "high school students may wear armbands protesting the Vietnam war or conduct other peaceful protests in the classrooms "provided they do not disrupt classes, create disorder, or invade the rights of others in expressing their views.")

A: I think the School Board has the responsibility to determine what is disruptive.

I asked another question...

Q: Why did three deans search my locker?

A: Only TWO deans searched your locker!

Q: Is my selling of underground newspapers disruptive?

A: I won't answer your question. That's YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEM. You can come in and see me about it.

Q: No, it's not my personal problem. I want to know in front of these people whether or not my selling papers is disruptive! (Reaction of the group: "Yeah! Yeah!!")

A: Come in and see me.

Q: What happens if I don't come in and talk to you, and continue selling papers? (No answer from the dean; friendly rumblings from the crowd.)

Q: What gives you the right to play mother and father to these kids?

Don't they have the right to decide what they want to read?

A: We play mother and father to these kids for only 7 hours a day!

At this point we left for bigger and better things -- like catching the four-fifteen bus.

THE SAGA of the High School: Monday nothing, Tuesday nothing, Wednesday, Thursday nothing; Friday for a change a bit more nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing, NOTHING, nothingnothingnothing, NOTHING!!!

Dig it people -- write your own words to the song. Quit grooving on THEIR little bouncing ball!

***** Julie *****

Los Angeles public schools, fired up by the rebellions raging in California's colleges, are moving closer to an open showdown. James Jones, a member of the striking BSU at Southwest Junior College, went to speak to black students at Carver Junior High. Jones was arrested and charged with "disturbing a school," whereupon Carver students sat-in in the principal's office. The following Sunday 1,000 people met and called a strike at all of the black schools in the city. Virtually every college and most high schools in Los Angeles have had some activity.

In New York, Eastern District High School has been closed indefinitely after students tore the school apart. The rampage was touched off when the school's dean threatened a black student with suspension.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, a dozen elementary schools were the objects of an intensive probe-in by an estimated 1,000 parents from South-west side communities. The purpose of the probe-in was to educate parents to the problems in the schools as the first step toward mobilizing them to demand changes and eventual community control. Also in Chicago, the Teachers Committee for Quality Education proposed a twelve-point program which included suggestions for more black supervisors, clerical and maintenance workers, certifications for teachers with satisfactory two-year records, black programs for the colleges, and an education tax on people who work in the city but live in the suburbs.

Nearly sixty percent of the high school principals who took part in a recent poll report student protests at their schools. The poll, according to the New York Times, was conducted by the National Association of Secondary School Principals. Most of the protests were about local issues -- dress regulations, hair length, etc. Many included broader issues such as racism and the draft. and don't forget PAULA.

Hippocrates

QUESTION: I am a serviceman in Vietnam and my wife thinks I am having sexual relations here. Not so. But after arriving I noticed some pimple-like protusions in my pubic area. I went to my sick bay where the corpsmen laughed them off as venereal warts.

This worried me so I wrote to my wife who is a Registered Nurse. She gave me a rather long medical term and said they were caused by gonorrhea. Now she is going to sue for divorce. I have checked with a few other medical sources and they all say the warts are not caused by sexual contact.

I am rather puzzled by the whole thing and would like to find out who is right. It doesn't seem possible that the service and civilian doctors could be 180 degrees out of line in diagnosing this problem. Pray for peace!

ANSWER: Condyloma acuminata are warty growths thought to be caused by a virus. Their common name, "venereal warts," tends to perpetuate the false belief that they are caused by venereal diseases such as gonorrhea.

Venereal warts are seen more frequently in women than men and may appear anywhere on the vulva or within the vagina. At first the warts are small elevated growths the size, perhaps, of a mole. Later they become quite large giving a mulberry-like appearance. Conditions which seem to favor growth of venereal warts in females are a profuse vaginal discharge, obesity, infrequent bathing and pregnancy.

Treatment for venereal warts is similar in males and females. A solution is applied directly to the warts which causes them to shrink and disappear. Often one or more reapplications are necessary. Some mild discomfort may be noted in the surrounding area but the procedure is much less painful than one might imagine.

QUESTION: This is extremely important to me. I am 17 years old and I have pills so I won't get pregnant.

The problem is that I have slept with boys but never had intercourse because it has hurt too much. Is there anything at all I can do to lessen the pain? I am open to all suggestions.

P.S. I am not sleeping around carelessly. I have been going with my boyfriend for seven months.

ANSWER: I think you should have a gynecological examination to determine whether there is a physical basis for the pain you feel. My laboratory assistant suggests that barring any physical problem the pain will turn to pleasure if you are free of guilt and find someone you love.

The medical term for painful intercourse is dyspareunia. One of my medical school classmates used to say "It's better to have dyspareunia than no pareunia at all." But he didn't have dyspareunia.

"Dr. Schoenfeld:

In the Name-the-Clit sweepstakes, one dare not overlook the unsolicited contribution proffered by Lennon and McCartney in the lyrics of "Happiness is a Warm Gun," i.e. "trigger".

Inasmuch as stimulation of the clitoral switch inclines one to become turned on (and turns one on to becoming inclined), we might say that it is the "toggle" which we tickle. Since this clit is located in the boxtop how's about "Cupid's coupon." Or, to mint a phrase: "bille-doux" -- literally, "sweet little nut." Not to be confused with "billet-doux," which is a love note, not a love node.

Rev. Poland's suggestion of "bean" might not grate as so inelegant if we think of the quim as a castanet. Love-bud? Hump-bump? Or the succulent Elizabethan metaphor: the pearl? To a cunnilingophile, a "lollypop." To a hippy, a "love bead". To the swinger, "a local fun spot."

And to each, his own."

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press - \$5.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P. O. Box 9002, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.

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☐ Los Angeles Falling Into the Sea ☐ Uncle Tom Says

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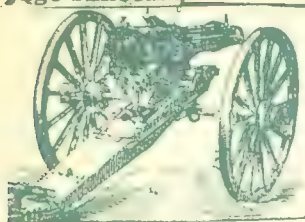
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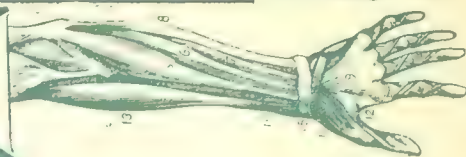
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UNCLE TOM SAYS
"ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT GHETTO FIRES"



FEEDBACK



Dear Seed:

I am writing this as an ex-member of the Headhunters M.C. Thanks to the lies of a Pig named Robert Pierson, I've dropped my patch and many of my brothers have had to split. "Big Bob" (his choice of nicknames) falsely claimed to have infiltrated our club and learned of a plot to blow up the police and snuff Big Dicky Daley and a couple of his puppets. From us, he went on to think up more hallucinations while supposedly protecting Jerry Rubin from some hog-wild cop.

This citizen pig hid behind some broad while he played out his little act in Lincoln and Grant Parks. If the Federal Grand Jury wants to indict someone for throwing rocks at squad cars, they can have Pierson! I believe that there is also a law about lying to our #1 paranoia-spreading watchdog, formerly known as HUAC.

Friday, September 13, 1968, Big Boob and some of Cook County's finest came crashing into our club bar complete with machine guns, dogs, and clubs. They beat the hell out of us for about two hours before they decided to take us to jail. These pigs have got the balls to call us animals and you should have seen them! The abuse that our old ladies were subjected to would make a gang bang look like Sunday school.

It took some sick minds to come up with the classics that these 'protectors of the public' manage to spit out. Of course, our people who were trying to get us out got the run-around. The pigs tried to blow our minds by planting a gun on the floor of the bar, but the cop picked it up and split when four of us claimed to own it.

After getting prints and pictures, they let us go without charge. To top off the night, we found our bikes knocked over, lying on their sides with sugar in gas tanks and club-dents all over them. All our personal property had been stolen. By the way, our bikes were being guarded by the ever-watchful police when this mysterious damage took place.

Since this little party, there have been repeated attempts to finish us off and you have all been through it so I won't repeat the trip.

I would like to know where the cops in the Eighteenth District got the right to make their own laws. Many of them bust people wearing colors. This is Bull Shit.

All we want to do is to ride our cycles and party with our brothers. The man's got no trouble until he starts it. But Super Cop's thing is to try to keep us busy fighting each other. And that shit has got to stop.

This summer ought to be fun. We don't have to lose all the time. All it'll take is a little communication.

Banana

Dear Seed:

The new Seed police cover (Volume 3, #8) blew my mind. In that pig's finger lies the demise of our, I think, already lunatic nation.

Yours in the Lord,
TRUTH

P.S. Glad you won your court case.

(For those who didn't hear, our obscenity thing was thrown out of court on 3/7)

Dear Seed:

In behalf of the men in Vietnam, I write the following letter. In behalf of these men could you please print it?

HHC 36th Signal Battalion
APO San Francisco 96491
15 March 1969

The Hon. James M. Hanley
34th Congressional District
Cannon House Office Building
Room 1416
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I am 26 years old and have spent almost a full year in Vietnam. Today, I went to the PX to buy a bottle of Mogen David wine, and found out that I have to be of the rank of Staff Sergeant E-6 or above to purchase any alcoholic beverage with an alcoholic content over 3.2 percent.

I am old enough to die for my country, to vote, and to be held responsible for my actions in the courts of the land. Why, then, can the post commander say that I am not old enough to drink hard liquor?

The people of the United States are wondering why MARIJUANA is becoming such a great problem in Vietnam. What does the world expect of us when we can only relieve our tensions by drinking 3.2 beer?

Peter M. Rose
SP/4
U.S. Army

Dear Seed:

Count me in!



Peace (heh, heh, heh!),
R. M. N.

Last night, this man scored.



Too few of you heard about it. To most of you, the face of this man is still a mystery. His voice, too. And that we count as a major tragedy, even in these tragic'd up times.

We suspect, however, that so far you don't give a spit. We take another tack:

MAY WE APPEAL TO YOUR BASIC INSTINCTS?

We thought so.

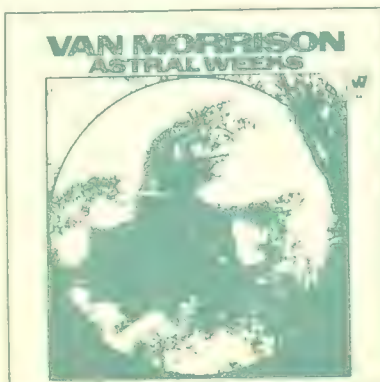
Astral Weeks is very erotic stuff. Its *Beside You* song, for instance, makes *The 1812* sound like 1362 (in which year, some of you may recall, happened not one damn thing, erotic or otherwise). *Beside You* will attack your senses like the sudden sniff of a whore's underwear.

For instance, *Madame George*. A nine-minute song about a man dressed in drag. Sitting in the corner. Playing dominos. Sitting on a sofa, playing games of chance. You glance into his eyes.

For instance, *Cypress Avenue*. About a lonely man watching all the little girls on their way back home from school. This lonely man,

and they're so young, and so bold. So 14 years old.

Last night somewhere, Van Morrison sang these songs. With them, he scored with an



"A unique and timeless album."
— Rolling Stone

audience who didn't expect half that much.

Who's Van? Van was the generative force behind the celebrated English group THEM. And Van is the one who wrote "Gloria." And Van was the maker of "Brown-Eyed Girl." Yes, that Van Morrison.

Last night, Van Morrison helped rock-and-roll grow a little more. Maybe not you, but last night some people got dressed, got in the car, paid some bucks for tickets, sat in some audience for two hours, missed *Mayberry*, *RFD*.

All that to hear Van Morrison score.

Now, thanks to miracle phonograph records, Van Morrison can score in the privacy of your own home.

HOW YOU CAN SCORE

Van Morrison is not for you if, in your opinion, Spanky And Our Gang are the heaviest.

Van Morrison is for the some of you who like songmen who hit home runs, most every time.

Eight home runs: *Astral Weeks*.

With it, you can hear Van Morrison score. Nightly.



Presenting honest music. Even your best friend may not understand it.

Music that's honest isn't altogether new. Paul Simon has been doing it. And Laura Nyro. (Has it amazed you how many otherwise good people can't relate to her music? Interesting.)

But, as far as we know, nobody's stuck a label on it yet. So, on this occasion, we're calling it what it is, and hoping that it'll stick. (Before some forty-year-old reviewer for a tabloid newspaper sticks on his label. And for the next five years we get blamed for his less-than-sensitive declaration.)

The label: honest music. (Simple and, above all, honest.)

The occasion: the first authorized album by a very weird genius named Tim Hardin.

Tim Hardin has been hung up on honesty for years. In the way he writes and performs. And directly, as a theme of many of his songs.

On his early albums (unauthorized, in that they were released without Tim's approval of the final tracks) Tim Hardin sings: Don't make promises you can't keep. He sings: You upset the grace of living when you lie. In *Reason to Believe* he sings these lyrics:

"If I listened long enough to you
I'd find a way to believe that it's all true
Knowing that you lied straight-faced
While I cried
Still I look to find a reason to believe."

Honest music. As laid down by the king of the medium, Tim Hardin.

On his Columbia album Tim has carried his preoccupation with honesty and directness to its logical extreme.

When we signed Tim, we guaranteed him full control over every aspect of the album.

Then, he socked it to us.

He wanted to record it in his home.

In Woodstock, New York.

He wanted his home, and his wife,

and son, and close friends as much a part of the album as they are a part of him.

It took us a while to accept that, we admit. But once it dawned on us that he was serious, we realized that there was only one way we could get an album that wouldn't embarrass Tim musically, and wouldn't embarrass us technically.

We moved an entire eight-track recording studio and some of our finest engineers to

Tim's house. So even though the album is a remote job, it sounds like a studio job. One of our best, in fact.

And Tim, thank God, is happy. (So is his wife Susan, son Damion, and, we understand, his mother.)

The album title: "Suite for Susan Moore and Damion—We Are—One, One, All in One."

The songs are touching, and beautiful, and despite Tim's sorrow-soaked voice, they're *up*.

Some of the titles: *Everything Good Becomes More True*, *Question of Birth*, *One, One, the Perfect Sum*, *Susan*.

And Mark Spoelstra.

Honest music. And as long as we're on the subject, we thought we'd call your attention to another new album by another



Mark Spoelstra.

long-time poet/musician, Mark Spoelstra.

Mark has been singing and writing since the early Dylan days. But, as fate would have it, Bobby Darin (or his equivalent) never picked up on a Mark Spoelstra song. So unless you've *really* been following the folk music scene, chances are you've never heard of Mark.

This is the first Mark Spoelstra album for Columbia. Mostly acoustic instruments. More country than anything else, because that's where Mark felt himself going, and he followed it.

Backing Mark's own 12-string guitar, you'll find Mitch Greenhill's 6-string, Harvey Brooks's bass, Roy Blumenfeld's drums, and guests. (David Cohen, Larry Knechtel and Joe Osborne, for example.)

Two new albums of honest music. And if you're the kind of person who buys records strictly for your own head (not just to fill a gap in your collection, or impress your friends and neighbors), we respectfully dedicate this new music to you.

Columbia



Tim and Damion.



Susan.



*Produced by James William Guercio

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brought to you directly from page 2

"CIA man--we hope you are as good at hiding as you are supposed to be at seeking."

TALK TO THE NEW RIGHT

Perhaps most of all, there has to be a consideration of the role of Mr. John Bircher, Mr. Physician, Mr. Dentist, and others now on the new right. These people are put off or ignored by increasing corporatization, and they have to be shown that their major values--individuality, freedom, local determination--are also the values of a post-industrial America.

This does not mean they will suddenly become revolutionaries, but it is important to start them wondering whether they would find things as bad in the new social system as they do in this system, which increasingly annoys them, exasperates them, and ignores them. They must be weaned from the handful of large corporations and multi-millionaires who use them for their own ends by talking competition while practicing monopoly, by screaming about taxes while paying very little, and by talking individuality while practicing collectivism.

What would a post-industrial America look like? First of all, it would be certain American institutions writ large--like the Berkeley food co-op, which is locally controlled by consumers, like the Pasadena water and electricity systems, which are publicly owned, like the Tennessee Valley Authority, which has allowed the beginnings of the sane, productive, and beautiful development of at least one river region in our country.

In simple terms, the system would start from local controls and work up, like it used to before all power and taxes were swept to the national level, mostly by war and the big corporations. And, as you can see, it would be a mixed

system, sometimes with control by consumers, sometimes with control by local government, sometimes with control by regional authorities, and sometimes, as should be made clear in the handbill to certain small businessmen, with control in private hands.

For many retail franchises, for many novelty productions, and, I suspect, for many types of farms and farmers, depending on region, crop involved, and other considerations, private enterprise may be the best method of control.

MUST BE FLEXIBLE

Some people will ask if, by promising some private ownership, we are pandering to a voting bloc. Is it like the old Communist trick of the United Front? The answer is a resounding NO. Any post-industrial society that does not maximize chances for freedom, flexibility, and individuality is not worth fighting for.

Given the enormous capabilities of corporate production, the economic and cultural insignificance of most small businessmen, and the very small number of family farmers, there is simply no economic or political or cultural reason to socialize everything. There is no "kulak" class, there is no "petty bourgeoisie."

Pre-industrial societies may have had to socialize everything to defend their revolutions against hostile forces, but that is only another way in which your situation differs from theirs.

I have left the most obvious change for last. Of course the corporations would be socialized. Their profits would go to all people in lower prices (and thus higher real wages) and/or repair to local, state and national treasuries in the amounts necessary to have a park on every corner (replacing one of the four gas stations), and medical, dental, educational, recreational, or

arts facilities on the other corners (replacing the other three gas stations -- there being no need for any but a few gas stations due to the ease of introducing electric cars when a few hundred thousand rich people are not in a position to interfere).

But how to man this huge corporate enterprise? First, with blue collar workers, who would be with you all the way in a showdown no matter how nice some members of the corporate rich have been to them lately. Second, with men from lower-level management positions who have long ago given up the rat race, wised up, and tacitly awaited our revolution.

Fantasy? Perhaps; but don't underestimate the cynicism at minor levels of the technostucture. I have spoken with and to these groups, and there is hope. They are not all taken in, any more than most Americans are fooled by the mass media about domestic matters. They are just trapped, with no place to go but out if they think too much or make a wave.

"Out" is easy enough if you're young and single, but it's a little sticky if you didn't wake up to the whole corporate absurdity until you were long out of college and had a wife and two kids.

Cultivate these well-educated men and women whose talents are wasted and ill-used. Remind them that the most revolutionary thing they can do -- aside from feeding you information and money so you can further expose the system and aside from helping to plan the post-industrial society -- is to be in a key position in the technostucture when the revolution comes. You may not win a large percentage of them, but then it wouldn't take many to help you through the transition.

END DUPLICATION

Then too, part of the corporate system would disappear -- one computerized system of banking and insurance would eliminate the incredible duplication, paperwork, and nonsense now existent in those "highly profitable" but worthless areas of the corporate economy.

Corporate retails would be broken up and given to local consumer co-ops, or integrated into nationalized producer-retailer units in some cases. Corporate transports (air, rails, buses) would be given in different cases to state, local, and national governments, as well as to, on occasion, the retailers or producers they primarily serve.

The public utilities, as earlier hinted, would finally be given to the public, mostly on the local and regional level, probably on the national level in the case of telephones.

The only real problem, I think, is manufacturing, where you have to hold the loyalty of technicians and workers to survive a transition. Blue collar control--syndicalism--may be the answer in some cases, regional or national government control in others. Here, obviously, is one of those questions that needs much study, with blue collar and white collar workers in the various industries being the key informants and idea men.

go directly to page 21 do not pass go - do not collect \$200

Ready when you are, America.



The invasion continues.

Hot on the heels of such other Canadians: Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, and Neil Young. (You remember Joni Mitchell, Leonard Cohen, and Neil Young. All Canadians. All neat.)

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bel and loves it when we look good for the stockholders, has put out the word: "Get some action."

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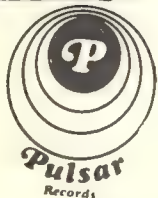
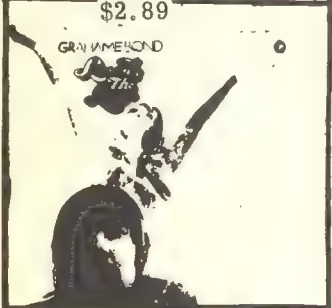
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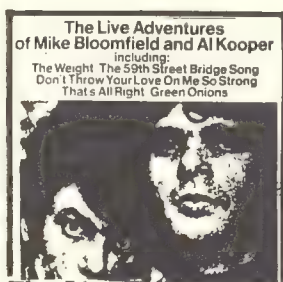
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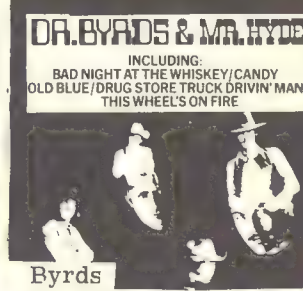


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 Mar 28, 29 BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS, PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC, RALPH ADAMS
 Apr 4, 5 BOB SEEGER SYSTEM, THE NICE, BUBBLE PUPPY
 Apr 11, 12 10 YEARS AFTER, JUNIOR WELLS, BUDDY GUY

ARAGON, 1106 W. Lawrence. Opens at 8. \$3.50 or \$5.
 Mar 28 SPENCER DAVIS, GRASS ROOTS, 4 DAYS AND A NIGHT
 April 4, 5 DOUG CLARK AND THE HOT NUTS, BABY HUEY, DIRTY ERNIE AND THE GREEN MEN.
 April 11 IRON BUTTERFLY
 Apr 18 BILL HALEY AND THE COMETS, CHUCK BERRY, THE DRIFTERS.
 Apr 25. RHINOCEROS

PLUGGED NICKEL. 1321 N Wells. Nightly 5-4. Cover charge.
 Mar 25-30 ZOOT SIMS and SONNY STITT
 Apr 1-13 DIZZY GILLESPIE

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS. Musical based on the works of Brel. Happy Medium, 901 N Rush. Tues thru Thurs at 9; Fri and Sat at 8 and 11; Sun at 6 and 9. \$3 to \$6.

Mar 28 at 8. NEW YORK BRASS QUINTET. Auditorium Theatre. \$1-\$5.

Mar 28 at 8:30. RAVI SHANKAR. Orchestra Hall. \$3-\$6.

Mar 28, 29 MIDWEST INTER-COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL. Competition between local student groups. For info call Elmhurst College. 279-4100, ext 241.

Mar 30 at 3. ARTUR RUBINSTEIN. Orchestra Hall. \$5-\$10.

Mar 30 at 3:30. BACH'S MASS IN B MINOR performed by the ROCKEFELLER CHAPEL CHOIR conducted by Richard Vikstrom. 59 and Woodlawn, \$2.50-\$4.50. Tickets from Chapel Concert Office, 5810 S Woodlawn

THE FINE ARTS QUARTET. Mar 31 at Goodman Theatre: Apr 1 at Howard Auditorium, Wilmette. 8:15. Tickets by mail. For info call 446-3831.

Apr 7 at 8. JOAO CARLOS MARTINS. Festival of Pianists Series. Auditorium Theatre. \$1-\$5.

Apr 10 at 8:15. WEST POINT STRING QUARTET. Room 518, DePaul School of Music. Free.

Apr 11 at 8:15. THOMAS BROWN piano recital. DePaul Center Theatre, 25 E Jackson. Free.

Apr 11 at 8:30. OXFORD STRING QUARTET. Chamber Music Series Mandel Hall, 57th and University. Tickets from Concert Office 5835 University. \$4.

films

ART INSTITUTE. Fullerton Hall, Thurs at 7:30 promptly 75c

Mar 27 ANNA CHRISTIE Garbo '30
 Apr 3 AT THE CIRCUS Marx Bros. '33
 Apr 10 A DAY AT THE RACES. Marx Bros.

CALENDAR

PLAYBOY ALL-NIGHT SHOW. 1204 N Dearborn. \$1
 Mar 28 J. Joyce ULYSSES
 Mar 29 Donen's BEDAZZLED
 Apr 4 Genet's THE BALCONY
 Apr 5 HOW I WON THE WAR

Biograph Theatre, 2433 N Lincoln
 Opening Mar 28. THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY, THE STRANGER.
 Opening Apr 4 THE COMMITTEE

Watch for Goddard's WEEKEND coming to the 3penny Cinema.

SHAME. Ingmar Bergman's new film opens Friday, Mar 21 at the 400, Village, Hyde Park, Coronet in Evanston, and Lamar in Oak Park.

Jack Smith's FLAMING CREATURES. Aardvark Cinematheque, 1608 N Wells. \$2; \$2.50 weekends.

Mar 26 at 7:30. A NEW GULLIVER: Swift's classic directed by Alexander Ptushko, with puppets - Gulliver as a Marxist. Sinha Hall, Roosevelt U., 430 N Michigan.

Mar 28 at 8. THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. by Pier Paolo Pasolini. Austin Film Society, St. Catherine Church, 34 N Austin Blvd. \$1.

HISTORY OF CINEMA series at the Chicago Historical Society, Clark and North. Sundays at 2:15. Free.

Wed nights at 7. CHICAGO NEWSREEL FILM MAKERS hold workshops on the political/technical problems of movement film making. 162 N Clinton. (for more info. call 641-0932)

theater

AMERICA HURRAH. 3 plays by Jean-Claude Van Itallie on American hangups. Chicago City Players, Baird Hall, 615 W Wellington. Thru April. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$2 to \$3.50.

THE CORN IS GREEN. George Chakiris in Emlin William's drama. Ivanhoe Theatre, 3000 N Clark. Closed Mon. \$3.50-\$5.

DON JUAN IN HELL by Bernard Shaw performed by Chicago Repertory Theatre, 2515 W 69th. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$3; students \$2.50

CARNIVAL SUITE. Satirical revue. SECOND CITY. 1616 N Wells. Tues thru Thurs at 9; Fri at 9 and 11; Sat at 8 and 11; Sun at 6 and 9. \$3-\$6.

Cafe T.O.P.A. presents one act plays, BIRDBATH and AN AMERICAN on Fri and Sat at 8:30. Thru Mar 29. 904 W Belmont. \$2.

DESERT SONG. Sigmund Romberg operetta. Leo Lerner Theater, 4520 N Beacon St. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$4, \$5.

HEDDA GABLER. An Ibsen drama. Old Town Players, Old Town Workshop Community Theater, 1718 N No. Park. Weekends. \$2. 645-0145.

ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE. A black comedy by Joe Orton. Half-price previews Mar 21, 23, 28-30, Apr 4, 6. Jane Addams Theater, 3212 Broadway. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$2; \$2.50 on Sat.

TOM PAINE. Paul Foster hit stars Michael Higgins. Opens Mar 28. Goodman Theater, 200 S Columbus. Closed Mon. \$3.50 and \$4.

PUPPY DOG'S TAILS. Ralph Tiller directs the play by Zan Skolnic. Hull House Playwright's Center, 222 W North. Fri and Sat at 8:30. Thru Apr 19. \$2.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN. "Peanuts" musical. Civic Theater, 20 N Wacker. Tues thru Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7; matinees Sat and Sun. \$3.50-\$6.50

Mar 29 at 8:15. Jean Anouilh's ANTIGONE in French, performed by Treteau de Paris at Fine Arts Auditorium of Rosary College, 7900 W Division, River Forest. \$3.50; students \$2.25.

Mar 29 at 8; Mar 30 and Apr 6 at 1:15 and 3:30. REBEL OF HA-RAMA. Drama takes place in Israeli youth village. Center Youth Theatre, Bernard Horwich JCC, 3003 W Touhy. 85c to \$2.50.

THEATER GAMES CENTER. Audience involvement. Every Sat at 9:30. 1935 N Sedgewick. Call for res. 642-4198.

UNITY. Audience participation. 2nd Unitarian Church, 656 W Barry. Fridays at 8. Free.

Cafe TOPA. Experimental theater. Thursdays at 8. 904 W Belmont. \$2.

THE NEW OLD FASHIONED BAROQUE COMPASS PLAYERS. Improvs, satire, blues, jazz. Harper Theater Coffee House, 5238 S Harper. Fri, Sat 9-1 am. \$2; students \$1.25

dance

Mar 25, 28, 29, 30. MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE CO. with composer JOHN CAGE. Harper Theater Dance Festival. Tickets from box office at 5238 S Harper. \$2-\$5.50.

Apr 8, 9 at 8:15. MEREDITH MONK & CO. The Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E. Ontario.

Apr 16-20 at 8:30. AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE. Auditorium Theatre. matinees Apr 19, 20. \$2-\$7.50.

NORTHWESTERN U. INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING. Sundays at 4. The public is invited to participate. Patten Gym, 2407 Sheridan, Evanston. Free

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING. Public invited. Bernard Horwich JCC, 3003 W Touhy. Sundays 8-11. \$1.25; students 75c.

exhibits

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams. Daily 10-5; Thurs 10-8:30; Sun 1-6. Free.

72ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF ARTISTS OF CHICAGO AND VICINITY. Morton Wing. NATIONAL CERAMICS EXHIBITION. School Gallery (entrance from Columbus Dr) Mar 31-Apr 17.

Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E Ontario. Tues-Sat 10-5; Thurs 10-8; Sun 12-5. 50c; students, children 25c.

BEVERLY PEPPER. Recent sculpture. Works by members of Chicago groups including Hairy Who, Nonplussed Some, False Image and others. Basement.

"Situation Evidence" A piece by RICHARD GOLDWACH and AL BOUTIN. Thru Mar. Philip Freed Gallery, 920 N Michigan (entrance on Walton St) Daily 10-6.

STUDENT EXHIBIT: INSTITUTE OF DESIGN OF IIT. Rosner Gallery, 235 E Ontario. Tues thru Sat 11-5; Sundays 1-5. Thru Apr 4.

Works by VASARELY. Sergel Gallery of Original Prints, 86 E Randolph. Mon-Fri 9-5.

Modern Japanese prints by SHIRO TAKAGI. Aiko's Gallery, 714 N Wabash. Tues-Sat 10-5.

"HUNDERTWASSER" exhibition. Opening Mar 25. Arts Club of Chicago, 109 E Ontario. Mon-Sat 9-6.

ART BY EXCEPTIONAL CHILDREN. Sun-Times, Daily News bldg. gallery, 401 N Wabash. Mon thru Fri 9-6:30. Sat 9-1.

Argentine LUISA REISNER "Phantasmagoric" Jacques Baruch Gallery, 154 E Superior. Mon, Tues 12-6; Wed-Sat 10-6.

continuing

Free coffee and discussions every night til 4 am at the VANGUARD BOOKSTORE, State and Oak. Also at the GUILD BOOKSTORE from 4-10 daily, 2136 N Halsted.

ALI ESPRESSO COFFEE HOUSE. Folk music. Open at 7:30; closed Mon, Tues. Free Thurs, Sun; 75c Wed. \$1.25 Fri and Sat.

BROKEN WALL COFFEE HOUSE. Discussions, speakers, special presentations. 5203 N Kimbal. Nightly 8-11; Fri, Sat 8:30-12. Closed Mon.

EARL OF OLD TOWN. Live folk music. 1615 N Wells. Nightly 9-4. 50c.

CAFE PERGOLES. Coffee House with bridge, chess, local artist's show, baroque music. 2938 N Clark. Nightly 6-12; Sat, Sun til 1 am. No cover.

Sundays CADRE pot-luck dinner at BLUE GARGOYLE, 5655 S University at 6 pm. Bring food.

Tuesdays Discussions at THE DOOR, 3124 N Broadway. Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided. Mon thru Thurs 7-2; Fri noon-2; Sat, Sun 2-2.

Wednesdays Poetry night at ALICE'S RESTAURANT. 2445 N Lincoln.

Wednesdays Hootenanny at IT'S HERE, 6455 N Sheridan. Coffee house also features folksingers and satirists. Daily 8-1; Fri, Sat 8-2; Closed Mon. Adm \$2.50..

Thursdays Poetry night at BLUE GARGOYLE, 5655 S University.

Weekends HARPER THEATRE COFFEE HOUSE. Revue of improvs and satire by the New Old Fashioned Baroque Compass Players, every Fri and Sat 9-1 am. Folk, bluegrass, balladeers also featured. 5238 S Harper. \$2; students \$1.25

Weekends GEJA'S WINE AND CHEESE CAFE features Tomas, flamenco guitarist on Fri and Sat. 1248 N Wells. 9:30-1:30. No cover.

Thursdays PSYCHODRAMA group at the Jane Addams theater, 3212 N Broadway is meeting on Thurs eves at 8. Sessions at \$15 for a series of 10 meetings. For info call 348-5622

Fridays CENTRAL YMCA holds social dances 9-midnight. Farwell Hall, 19 S LaSalle. Open to public. Adm 75c.

Weekends THE ALUMNI CLUB OF CHICAGO holds 'get togethers' Fri, Sat and Sun eves. Must be 18 yrs. For info call 726-3285

Sculpture by SOREL ETROG. Thru Mar 29. Benjamin Galleries, 900 N Michigan, Suite 318. Wed-Sat 11-5:30.

"Weavings, Drawings & Sculpture" by LENORE TAWNEY. Opens Apr 8. Fairweather Hardin Gallery, 101 E Ontario. Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

LORENZO INDRIMI "Structures and Designs" Demon-Zaks Gallery, 226 E Ontario. Tues-Sat 10:30-5:30; Wed 11-7; Closed Sun, Mon.

Pre-Columbian ceramics and Mexican wooden masks are featured at the Edward Sherbeyn Gallery. 2952 N. Clark.

JEROME WALKER collection at Sears Vincent Price Gallery, 140 E Ontario. Tues-Sat 10-6.

AMERICAN BAROQUE: THE AESTHETIC OF EXCESS. Paintings and artifacts of American culture. Bergman Gallery, U. of C. Cobb Hall, 5811 S Ellis. Tues-Fri 12-6; Sat 12-5; til 10 on Wed.

CHICAGO SHELL SHOW "Shapes and Patterns of Shells" Field Museum of Natural History, Roosevelt Rd at Lake Shore Drive. Daily 9-5. 25c some days. Free to students.

CHICAGO WORLD FLOWER AND GARDEN SHOW. International Amphitheater, 43rd and Halsted. Thru Mar 30. Daily 11-10 pm. \$2; children \$1.25.

CHICAGO NATIONAL BOAT, TRAVEL AND OUTDOORS SHOW. International Amphitheatre. Weekdays 2-11; Sat 11-11; Sun 11-7.

LIVE. Gallery opened as showcase for contemporary artists in Chicago, 501 N Clark. Daily 11-7; Sun 2-5; closed Mon. For further information 828-9724.

We try our hardest to include all we can on this page....

If you want your thing included on the calendar, send info to Seed 837 N. LaSalle St.



new york city good bye

If Chicago is the city on the make, then New York is the metropolis on the run. It runs on a treadmill. It gets nowhere. It still has an eerie beauty, it still has energy, but the beauty is hidden by bronchitic haze and the energy is dampened and returned to the core to build toward critical mass. Los Angeles may fall into the sea, New York will make it boil.

When you talk, you scream. When you drive, you tilt your mirror so you can see all the cars coming up on your right. When you walk, you take rapid steps in certain neighborhoods at certain times of day. When you go to school, you carry signs and confront the teachers and try to close the building.

New York is the coop where all the feathered contradictions are coming home to roost.

New York is Irish forgetting that Catholics are called niggers in the north and Jews casting from their minds the memory of what it was like to be black in Germany.

New York is 'liberal' citizens calling for a radio station's license because it dared to practice the wrong kind of freedom of speech and allow a black man to read a black poem that contains a non-establishment bigotry.

New York is worn Semites carrying their neuroses up tired stairs and over tar-patched roofs, pausing ritually at the mid-heaven to heave rent notices into airshafts because the elevator hasn't worked in two months and their milk crates and lawn chairs are rusting casualties in the never-ending war between lessor and lessee.

New York is labor unions battling minorities which sometimes writhe to the rhythmic sirensong of "black capitalism, black capitalism" as rendered by Tricky Dicky and the Model Cities.

New York is young, crusading assemblymen calling for stiffer marijuana sentences and old women running head shops.

New York is cops looking toward the sky by day to insure against 'air mail, special delivery' and muttering racial slurs over Queens' suppers while Joe Friday raps about "due process for all, ma'am."

New York is visiting old friends newly arrested in cribs littered with underground papers that proclaim "the man can't bust our music."

New York is a park ringed with Guggenheim and Natural History and Metropolitan and Hayden and Whitney culture by day and with muggers by night. New York is romping through that park's Sheep Meadow in search of two years and a Be-In, only to be hit in the mouth by a stream of garbage as it whirls in from the nearest concrete.

New York is chick runaways from Wisconsin and Wyoming living in three-room railroad flats with four guys and digging it more than the \$60,000



houses that evicted them.

New York is hard-assed street people sitting up all night, listening to the hard-rock cornucopia as it pours out six mellow stations and toking joints mailed to them by 'person or persons un-

known' before going out for \$3.95 lobster dinners at Max's.

New York has buildings and cloverleaves that make engineers cream and housing projects that make tenants weep. New York has happenings when it snows and an upsurge in cleaning bills when people find that pollution makes for a gray christmas.

New York is where people are too sophisticated to beautify a honky Lawlor, where sideburned truck drivers cast fond glances at the fiscal neanderthalism of Vito Batista's "tax rebellion" and the insipid nostalgia of mayoral candidate Mafo Proccacino.

New York is where a 1932 system tries to cope with 2001 kids who argue Mao and liberate Macy's. New York is where the Revolution occupies the time of thousands who mutter about it over cafe au lait and the latest copy of the New York Review of Sex while listening to plastic combos belt out "Who's Co-opting Whom?" in living stereo. New York is where the rhetoric filters through strange sieves as tenants shout "on strike, shut it down" and rush-hour hordes claim the streets for the people.

Everything you have read is already obsolete. A riot is beginning that would convulse the Tribune, but which will get one column on page eight of the New York Post. Fifteen-year-olds going on one hundred are speculating whether Sirhan could outdraw James Earl Ray while standing on neon corners next to ghosts of Bird and 'Trans and the Jazz Corner of the Ancient World in vain attempts to cop whites and 'feel soooooo good.'

New York is energy. New York is A Train, D Train, F & CC Train boring through catacombs with cordwood people returning to cardboard reality. New York is FDR and LIE and B-Q E forming an asphalt truss to help the city shoulder its load. New York is 8,000,000 ergs in a black box. New York makes you sterile because you'd like to but just don't have the time.

Entropy is already on the horizon. The "K" is out at Yankee Stadium. What will be next to blow?

Abraham Peck

Demhoff- cont from page 18

I have not yet presented a final, detailed set of blueprints for a post-industrial America. But I hope I have suggested how important the development of such blueprints is. that I have merit or start you thinking, and that I have made you see how much energy and enthusiasm might possibly be released by taking such a project to Americans in all walks of life.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

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Longed, the moon is more languid, dreaming,
Like some beautiful woman reclining on her pile of cushions,
And caresses the curve of her breast with her light,
And sets her hand before she sleeps,

On the satined pillow of soft drifts of cloud,
She dies away into deep swoons,
And her eyes sweep the white visions
Which are rising like flowers into the azure sky.

When sometimes the lids fall
A furtive tear upon our globe,
A pious poet, the enemy of sleep,

Takes in the hollow of his hand that pale tear,
Turned with glinting hues like a chip of opal,
And treasures it in his heart, far from the sun's eyes.

Charles Baudelaire
translated by
Francis Carlin

